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HIS LIFE AND WORK.





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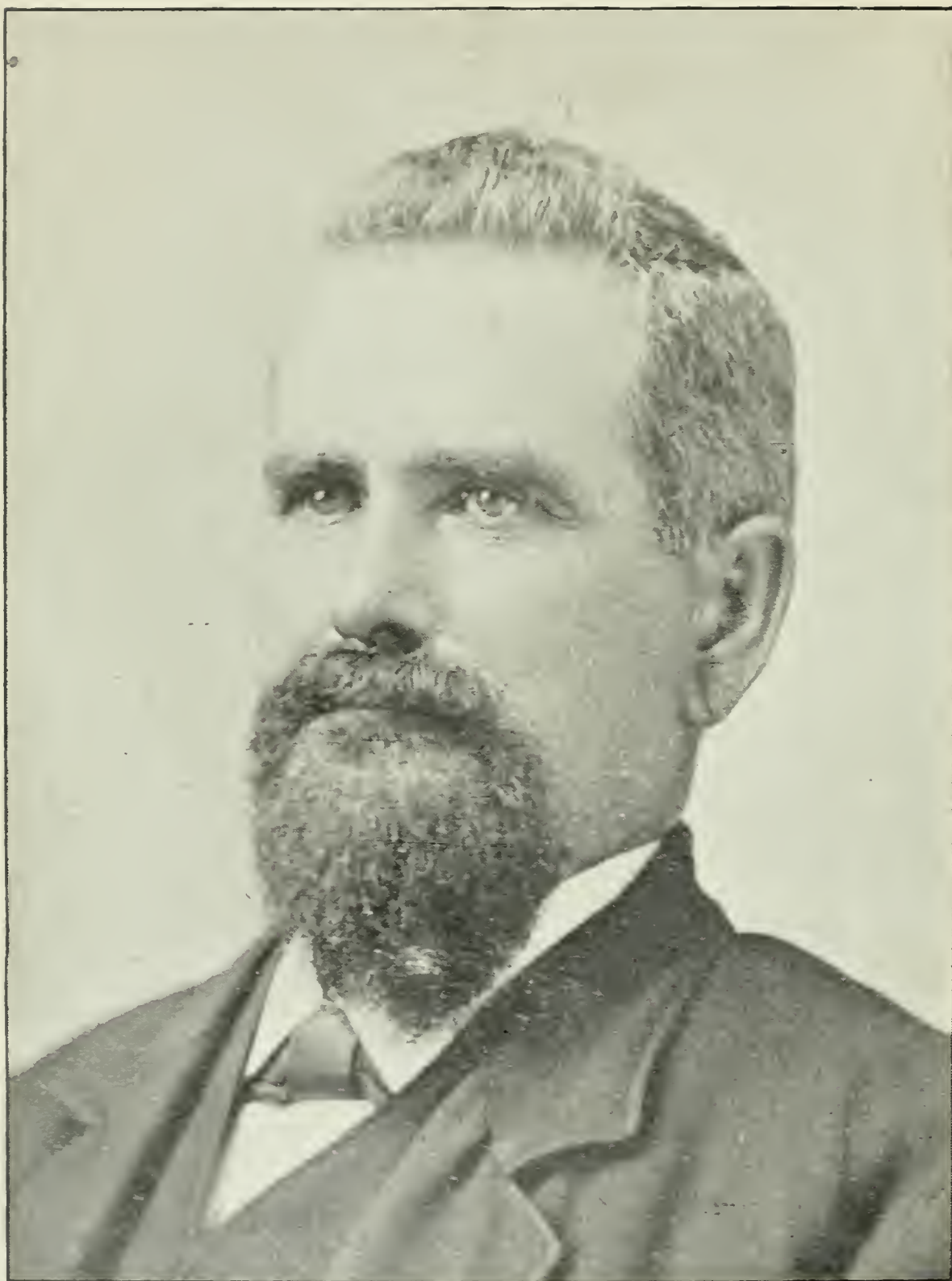
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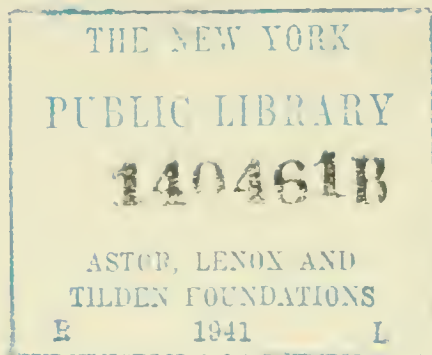
HIS LIFE AND WORK.

BY HIS SON FRANK.

DEDICATED TO HIS CHILDREN IN THE GOSPEL.

LINCOLN, NEB.:
STATE JOURNAL COMPANY, PRINTERS.

1892.



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PREFACE.

Since my father's death I have been asked many times why I did not write a history of his life and labors. It is only after considerable persuasion that I have undertaken the work. I do so, realizing that I am unable to do justice to the noble subject, and that my humble efforts to bring out *his* life will come far short of what they, in justice to the one that sleeps, should.

Yet, if they who read these lines find something portrayed that will lead them to higher thoughts; if the memories of those who knew and loved him shall be quickened and made to reflect upon his life and labors; if some poor wanderer from the fold of Christ shall read of his early life and of his work in after years and be persuaded to attempt an imitation of that life; or if it shall be instrumental in bringing one soul to Christ, I shall praise my Maker for having given me the strength to present this volume to the world.

I have followed my own ideas in arranging this work. My father's life was one continual round of sameness. His whole life was spent at one work, in one place, and a minute detail of the work of each

Ed. Everett & Son, August 1941

year would be a useless repetition. I have tried to bring out that which would be of benefit to the reader. I am aware that I have made many mistakes, and expect criticism. My only wish is that it shall fulfill its mission.

THE AUTHOR.

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PART I.

EARLY DAYS.

ROBERT CLARK BARROW, third son of a family of five boys and five girls, was born in Andes, Delaware county, New York, August 18, 1832. His father, William Barrow, was a native of England. His mother was a Miss Maxwell, born in Scotland.

In 1838 the family settled in Union, Tioga county, Pennsylvania, where his father, being a carpenter, worked at his trade, and as Robert grew up he assisted his father—being almost entirely denied the privilege of a common school education. But this sort of life did not suit him. He had higher aspirations than to be able to saw a board or drive a nail. He looked forward to the time when circumstances would enable him to go to school, that he might get a better insight to what few things had been taught him by his parents at home. His ambition led him to contemplate the day when he should become a great lawyer or merchant, and he longed for the opportunity of attending school, in order to fit himself to attain such a position.

But things continued as before. Robert still assisted his father until he reached the age of sixteen—an age when young men of to-day are almost through

college—when one day he saw a probable realization of all his dreams. His grandmother, of Delaware, New York, sent word that he could come and live with her and attend school, if he would do what work there was to be done about the house. He was not long in determining upon the matter, and after a family consultation it was decided that Robert should go.

In the fall of 1848, with all his worldly possessions tied in a handkerchief, which was fastened on the end of a stout walking-stick and carried upon his shoulder, he left the little home in Union with mother's kiss and father's "God-speed," to go to grandma's to school.

Arriving there, he commenced his studies at once. Here he remained for about three years, attending school and working through vacations to earn money for his clothing and books. These few years of school life were the only ones he ever spent under an instructor, and all of knowledge that he gained in after years was through hard study and earnest labor. At the time of his death he was a fair scholar both in Greek and Latin and had few superiors in the matter of history.

Returning home he commenced teaching school at Williamsport, Pa., where he taught quite successfully for several years. It was while thus engaged in this vicinity that he became engaged to Miss Cynthia Harding, and forming a strong attachment for one another they were engaged to be married. Shortly

before the time for their marriage Cynthia sickened, and after a severe illness died. Broken-hearted, with the sunshine taken from his life, all of his hopes of a happy future blasted, he knew not what to do. To forget his grief he wandered about with no particular object in view but to keep from thinking. He went to Minnesota with an exploring party. Leaving them, he taught school there for some time. For several years he was with the Indians—often the only white man among them. He acquired considerable of their language, and before leaving was able to converse freely with them in their own tongue.

Returning to his old home in Union, he again taught school, and in the latter part of 1855 was married, in Canton, Pa., by Elder Chas. McDougal, to Helen Harding, a sister to Cynthia. Soon after his marriage he went to Buffalo, N. Y., and secured a position as baggageman on the Erie road. He held this position two years, when his health failed. He resolved to return to Union, which he did. He purchased a piece of land and commenced farming and clearing off the timber. He and his wife were very poor and sometimes lived the winter through on nothing more than corn bread and squash. When on a visit in that locality several years ago he pointed out to me a twenty-acre field, from which he had cut the trees, hauled the logs, and pulled out the stumps—an undertaking that will be appreciated by any one having been in that country. To get the use of his neighbor's team one day he must work for him two days.

Up to this time, he, by his conduct, had not given promise of anything out of the usual line of young men. He, like his associates on the railroad, had learned to drink, to smoke, to chew, and swear—had sowed his proportion of wild oats—and was what the world would call a “lively” young man.

His wife had been a constant attendant at the little chapel in Union, and upon their return to that place, he accompanied her to the services, out of respect, as he afterwards told. He had no particular views on religion, and was in no hurry to form any, but simply went to church out of respect to his wife. But her earnest, devoted Christian life, coupled with what he heard at the little chapel, soon set him to thinking. Elder McDougal, who had married him, commenced a series of meetings at a school house near them, and Robert became interested. He was a constant attendant, and at night, after coming home from the services, he would spend hours in reading the Bible to see if what the preacher said was so or not.

This investigation, by one who had no theory to maintain, caused what it always will to a true heart. Thanks to an open Bible and an earnest presentation of the gospel of Jesus Christ, unfettered by creeds or human opinions, a change came over the life of Robert Barrow that was to prove a blessing to many households and that was to be the means of carrying the light into many places where darkness and sin reigned supreme. Before the close of this meeting

he came forward and made the "good confession." So earnest was he that he spoke for some time, urging his associates to leave off sowing "wild oats" and accept the Saviour.

The friends who had known the Robert of old, upon hearing of his having joined the church, predicted his early downfall, and even among his friends grave doubts were quietly expressed upon the subject of his continuing faithful. But a Christian wife, a constant attendance at church, a careful study of the Bible, and a prayer to God every day, brought their benefits, and out of the darkness of sin, away from worldly pleasures, into the glorious liberty of God's eternal truth, came Robert Barrow—a changed man. His friends and acquaintances soon ceased their predictions and doubtings. His straightforward Christian life confronted them. His conduct gave rise to no uncertain opinions.

His desire to give to his friends and neighbors the blessings he had received, led him to make earnest exhortations in the prayer meetings, and this is true of every Christian heart, that having received the blessings of the Christian life, it seeks earnestly to give it to others. From these talks came a desire to preach. His first sermon was preached in the little school house where he had first learned to know, love, and obey the Master whom he was destined ever afterward to serve. From this time forward, every Lord's day was used by him in preaching in the different school houses adjacent.

Desiring to make this his life-work, he took charge of the churches at Granville and Le Roy, where he labored for over a year.

Hearing of the boundless opportunities for doing good in the west, and the need of preachers, he came to Oregon, Holt county, Missouri, where he resided and preached for the church for some time.

PART II.

WORK IN NEBRASKA.

For an account of his earlier connection with the work in Nebraska, I have thought best to republish a series of articles written by himself nearly twenty years ago, for the *Standard*. While some of this does not strictly belong to a history of his work, yet he is so identified with the early establishment of the gospel in this state that I have thought best to give it in full rather than disfigure it by leaving out parts bearing no particular mention of himself. As we have no published account of the early work in this state, I am sure it will be appreciated by the majority of my readers.

In December, 1864, while living at Oregon, Mo., I made a flying visit to Nebraska, preaching three evenings at Omaha, and one Lord's day at Platts-mouth. At Omaha I made the acquaintance of Bro. Richard Brown, referred to in the previous sketch as the founder of Brownville, but then living in Omaha. Bro. Dr. Van Camp, Bro. Hunt, and a young Bro. Williams, who was then teaching, but is now quite well known as a preacher. I also learned that Alvin Saunders, governor of the territory, was a mem-

ber of the church. At Plattsmouth, I, for the first time, met Bro. D. R. Dungan, whose name has been a household word in Nebraska for the last ten years. Though at that time but little known, he had acquired an excellent local reputation as an earnest and able preacher; and theological opponents had learned to stand in wholesome dread of his exegetical and logical weapons. Associated with Chas. P. Evans and W. A. Denton, he had been preaching with but little encouragement, and almost wholly without remuneration, at De Soto, Omaha, Rock Bluff, Plattsmouth, and other points in Cass and Douglas counties. He owned a small house in Plattsmouth, taught a school for a livelihood, and preached as opportunity offered. Mounted on a diminutive gray pony, blind of an eye, and clad in garments which, to say the least, Beau Brummel would hardly have coveted, he was far from being a Count D'Orsay in appearance, as he traveled in the region round about, preaching the ancient gospel. But he won, and has ever since retained, the love and confidence of the people, and is universally and justly regarded as the father, and master spirit of the reformation in Nebraska. Invincible in debate, sincere and unselfish in his friendships, childlike in his confidence and trust in the word of God, with good social qualities, an inexhaustible fund of humor, and the happy faculty of adapting himself to every grade of intelligence, he possessed in a remarkable degree the qualifications demanded of a pioneer preacher.

During my stay in Plattsmouth the weather suddenly turned intensely cold. The Missouri river was filled with floating ice, and all the ferries stopped running. Finding myself unable to cross the river and return home as I had intended, I decided to ride down the west bank of the river into Kansas, opposite my home in Missouri, and hold a meeting near Highland until I should be able to cross, either by the ice bridge or the ferry-boat. I traveled on horseback, and Bro. Dungan, mounted on the one-eyed pony, accompanied me to the house of Bro. William Hobbs, seven miles south of Plattsmouth. And while speaking of ponies, I desire to make it a matter of record that Brother Dungan is not an infallible judge of horse flesh, and while I entertain the most profound respect for his views in relation to almost every other subject, I hold his equine opinions in utter contempt! Some years since I was the unfortunate owner of a nearly worthless gray pony, apparently a lineal descendant and certainly a formidable rival of the famous steed furnished by Cervantes to his mock hero, Don Quixote. No amount of feeding would clothe his unsightly bones with a respectable covering of flesh. His gait continually reminded me of an old-fashioned flax and hemp breaker, and his "gangling" limbs seemed in constant danger of tying themselves up into knots! I often thought that pony ought to be a good swimmer—he was so little use in land service—and the peculiar swimming motion of his limbs seemed so well adapted to aquatic

locomotion. I tried him as a swimmer and found him a total failure. Finding myself one evening on the wrong side of the big Nemaha river, fifteen miles from a bridge, I released my feet from the stirrups and hopefully forced the reluctant beast into the river, which was at that time very high, at least ten feet above low water mark. As soon as the "bottom fell out" he began to let down his hind feet in search of it, assuming a nearly upright position; his fore feet beating the water like the paddle wheels of a light draught steamboat. I was compelled to abandon my seat and swim to shore, avoiding the dangerous blows of those awkward feet, and holding on by the halter strap to aid the struggling beast in keeping his nose above the waters! I sold that pony for a *note*, and he was afterwards purchased by Bro. Dungan, who rechristened him "Cæsar," and, to my intense disgust, always claimed for him both speed and bottom! Had the mighty Roman been permitted to know that in the ages to come his great name would be thus prostituted, it might have saved Brutus and his friends from the commission of the great crime, for Cæsar would, in all probability, have committed suicide before the "Ides of March"! (Revenge is sweet, Bro. D.) At Nebraska City, where I spent the first night after leaving Plattsmouth, I was hospitably and pleasantly entertained by E. M. Lewis, a Congregational minister, an old acquaintance from Michigan. I learned upon inquiry that there were a number of Disciples in the city, but no organiza-

tion. On the following day I pursued my course down the river, passing through Peru, Brownville, and Nemaha City, and arrived at Rulo, where I intended to pass the night, about sunset. Accosting a respectable-looking citizen, I asked him if there were any Christians in the place. "Oh, yes," he answered, "there are some Roman Catholics, a few Methodists, and—" "But these," I interrupted, "are not the kind of Christians I mean. Are there none here who are called Christians and nothing else?" "I think not, stranger; I have never heard of any such people here or anywhere else?" I was growing desperate. "My friend," said I, "did you ever hear of a Campbellite?" "Yes, I have"—a long pause and critical examination of the querist, evidently made to determine the *genus* to which he belonged—"but never to my knowlege saw one of the *animals* in my life!" I made my way to the only hotel in the place, and finding it crowded with boisterous, drunken, quarrelsome men, I decided to go on to Highland, in Doniphan county, Kansas, some fifteen miles distant. It was fully dark when I crossed the Nemaha, four miles south of Rulo, and entered upon the reservations of the Iowa Indians. The dreary winter night closed in around me, the icy wind seemed to penetrate to the very marrow of my bones, and I was soon hopelessly lost. I met and questioned several Indians, but they either would not or could not speak a word of English, and I spent fully half the night following tortuous paths through dense thickets, climbing the

steep bluffs along the Missouri river and descending into the unknown depths of dark ravines. Some time after midnight I came upon quite a large Indian camp in the bottom of a deep, heavily timbered ravine. By the light of the smoldering camp fire I was able to distinguish about a dozen wigwams, the occupants evidently all sound asleep. Riding into the center of the circle of wigwams, I gave the best possible imitation, under the circumstances, of an Indian war whoop. Instantly the buffalo skin *doors* were lifted, and dusky heads protruded on every side. "Can any one here speak English?" I asked, as the motley throng of Indians, squaws, and pap-pooes gathered wonderingly about my horse. After a moment of silence an apparently reluctant voice answered: "Yes, me speak him." I had by this time abandoned the idea of trying to reach Highland that night, and knowing that I could not be far from White Cloud, I asked the English speaking savage if he could direct me to that town. "Me show him," said Lo, and he walked by the side of my horse a long distance, leaving me in a plain, easily followed road, and within an hour I was upon the bluffs west of White Cloud, looking down upon the sleeping village. I was now in a region of country with which I was well acquainted; and as the clouds were breaking away and the air seemed warmer, I resumed my intention of going on to Highland, and my jaded beast brought me to the hospitable home of Bro. Samuel Plotner, near that

place, in time for an early breakfast and a morning nap.

In the fall of 1864 Bro. J. F. Berry, of Illinois, was employed by the American Christian Missionary Society to labor in Nebraska. He came to Platts-mouth, but was not favorably impressed with the field and returned to Illinois. A few weeks later Bro. Dungan was notified of the willingness of the society to sustain him as a missionary in the territory at a salary of \$500 per annum, payable quarterly, with the privilege of collecting \$300 in the field—if he could. This was joyful intelligence. He had seen the church spires of the denominations built with eastern money, rising on every side, their missionaries keeping pace with the advancing tide of emigration, and though his spirit was stirred within him, and his heart burning with zeal, his hands were tied by the strong cords of poverty; and while struggling against desperate odds, he had often gazed longingly across the great river from whence came the sinews of war to other religious bodies. Here, in the letter of Bro. O. A. Burgess, then corresponding secretary of the general society, was the answer to many an earnest prayer: here was the raven bringing bread. Could Bro. Burgess have known the overwhelming joy his letter brought to a long suffering brother in distant Nebraska, he would have wept in sympathy, as its recipient wept and trembled and prayed over the hastily written page. Had the modern scribes who write so glibly and flippantly against “plans” been per-

mitted to look within the little home at Plattsmouth that dreary winter night over ten years ago, they would have seen a Christian husband and wife bowed down before God, and with voices stifled with sobs, thanking him for a "plan" that would give them bread while they labored in the vineyard of the Lord. A few weeks later the society consented to sustain a second missionary in Nebraska, leaving the brethren in the territory to select an acceptable person, and the lot falling upon me, I entered upon the work on the first day of July, 1865. My first protracted meeting was held in Nemaha City, and resulted in twenty-one additions. Bro. T. K. Hansberry, who was then living at Salem, had preached there occasionally, and several had been baptized. Though the town was almost a Sodom of wickedness, I found a number of noble brethren there, the most of whom are still living. Father A. D. Skeen, Brethren Knight, Drain, and Argabright, and their Christian families, all still with us, were among those who first welcomed me to my new field of labor. While the meeting at Nemaha City was in progress, Brother Dungan entered upon a work in Nebraska City. At that time the population of Nebraska City was largely made up of refugees from war-cursed Missouri, and many had left their religion, with all their household goods and gods, behind them in their hurried flight from danger. Cut off from the hallowed associations of home, with hearts embittered by the recollection of recent wrong, outrage, and financial ruin, and hurling revengeful

curses backward across the great river upon the western border of which they had built a city of refuge, they offered but little encouragement to the missionary of the cross. The meeting was held in an old yellow school building near the Cincinnati hotel, and just north of the Old School Presbyterian church, and was continued about four weeks. I came to the meeting towards the close, and witnessed the baptism of a daughter of Sister Palmer, and the reception of quite a large number of brethren by the little band of Disciples who had associated themselves together for the furtherance of the interest of Messiah's Kingdom. Some time previous to the meeting, Bro. C. P. Evans, of Iowa, had visited Nebraska City and spent some time in preaching and canvassing the city for a list of names of former members of the church, and Bro. John Mullis and a Bro. Burton, who died a few years since in southwestern Missouri, had preached there occasionally, but I believe the organization of the church properly dates from the above meeting. In August following I assisted Bro. T. K. Hansberry, the resident preacher at Salem, in a meeting, with fourteen additions. In September and October I held meetings at Plattsmouth and Rock Bluff, gaining three additions at the former place and twenty-seven at the latter. The church at Rock Bluff was organized under the labors of Bro. James Connoran, of Iowa. I am unable to give the precise date, but it was probably the second organization in the territory. Brethren Connoran and Watson, of Iowa, and

Tate and Parker, of Missouri, as well as Brother Dungan, had all labored there with some success previous to my visit, and two years before, in the fall of 1863, a co-operation meeting, representing five of the six nominal organizations in the territory and two in western Iowa, was held at that place. Father Noah Hobbs, and his Christian sons, William, a Bethany student, and Bambridge, were among the oldest members of the congregation. During our meeting at that place several who made the good confession at the night meetings were baptized the same hour of the night in the turbid waters of the Missouri river, and on one of these baptismal occasions a father, who had witnessed the immersion of his daughter, made the confession at the water's edge and was also immediately baptized. One young lady baptized at this meeting was temporarily driven from home by her enraged father, a widower, but when he saw the hospitable doors of the brethren all open to invite her entrance, and surveyed the helpless flock of young children to whom she had been a nurse and mother, he relented and took her back to keep his house in order and listen to his abuse of the "Campbellites."

Arrangements had been made for a co-operation meeting at Brownville in September, but I did not feel justified in leaving the work in which I was engaged to attend it. Bro. J. B. Judd, and his excellent Christian wife, of Pawnee City, the county seat of Pawnee county, forty miles southwest of Brownville, were in attendance at this meeting, doubtless the

first meeting of Disciples they had attended in the territory. Bro. Judd had two objects in view in attending the meeting. He not only desired to meet with the brethren, but publicly proclaimed his intention to capture and take back with him to Pawnee City any preacher he might find at the meeting. Pawnee City was at that time almost wholly given over to Methodism, and Bro. and Sister Judd, and Bro. Raper were the only Disciples in the place. The Methodist church was the only organized religious body, and the Nemaha Valley Seminary, located there, though not nominally a denominational school, was to all intents and purposes a Methodist institution of learning. Bro. Dungan was captured and carried in triumph to this strong-hold of Methodism, and arrangements were made for meeting in the seminary, then the only suitable place for worship. At first the meeting attracted but very little attention, and the Methodists were so far removed from fear of disastrous results from the puny attacks of the stripling David that they patronizingly and pityingly proposed to each other to "go and hear the poor Campbellite"; but at the end of a week there was no "small stir" in Pawnee City. Fatal pebbles from the sling of Truth began to fall thickly in the Methodist camp, and the cries of the maimed, heart pierced, and wounded filled the air. The opposition was fully aroused, and every sectarian buckled on his armor for the hopeless contest, opposing the quick and powerful sword of the enemy with the frail weapons

of misrepresentation and slander. Bro. Dungan was declared a thief! and it was whispered about that he was in all probability the spy and ring-leader of a band of horse-thieves, then committing depredations on the border! But the Rev. M. E. (let me take some humble part in immortalizing the heroic leader of that forlorn hope by publishing his name) Martin Richard marshaled his forces in vain. The people had got an inkling of the truth. Bibles were read as they had never been read before, and many carried the volume of truth in their pockets. It was simply the old battle of restoration, so familiar to all our pioneer preachers, fought over again in Pawnee City. Ten were baptized, and among these David Butler, whose excellent Methodist wife I had the pleasure of baptizing soon after, afterwards the first governor of the state. Several Baptists were also united with us upon the Bible, and the cause was established in Pawnee City. This was in October, 1865. Compelled to close the meeting while the interest was increasing, Bro. Dungan reached Nemaha City, on his way home, within the hour of my return home from Rock Bluff, and the next morning I was on my way to Pawnee City to continue the work so well begun. Upon my arrival in Pawnee City I found our Methodist friends (?) hopefully engaged in efforts to repair damages, rejoicing over Bro. Dungan's departure, confidently predicting that he would never return, and that the little flock he had gathered together would soon be scattered to the four winds. As soon as it

became known that another preacher of the "sect everywhere spoken against" was in town, there was again no small stir and hurrying to and fro, and on the following day, Sunday, the Methodist brethren, being assembled in class meeting, were called upon to pledge themselves to stay away from our meeting. This I learned from a Methodist sister present at the class meeting who was immersed during the meeting which followed. Every possible impediment was placed in our way, and every conceivable misrepresentation and falsehood circulated during the three weeks' meeting which followed; but sixteen persons, several of them influential citizens, were baptized. To show the *animus* of the opposition, I will state that the carcass of a defunct sheep was in the night thrown in the pool in which we were accustomed to baptize. Said carcass had been dragged from town, half a mile, evidently with a total disregard of olfactory protests, and as it presented itself to our *two* senses when we approached the water on the following day, we were compelled to respect it as a formidable argument for the opposition, certainly the strongest and most *scentsible* one ever brought against our teaching in Pawnee City, even to this day.

In the fall of 1865 Bro. G. R. Hand, of Missouri, came to the territory and was engaged in protracted meetings for some months, and afterwards preached at Nebraska City half a year. The first week in December, Brethren Hand, Dungan, and Judd—a younger brother of J. B. Judd, of Pawnee City, con-

verted from Congregationalism during Bro. Dungan's visit to that place—began a meeting at Rock Bluff. I came to the meeting after it had been in progress several days, and as Bro. Hand had an urgent invitation to hold a meeting at Sidney, Iowa, and Bro. Dungan desired to visit a little congregation he had built upon Salt creek, some forty miles west, I was left in charge of the meeting. Bro. Judd accompanied Bro. Dungan. The meeting was growing in interest and five had been added, when the notorious Leonard Parker, of the Methodist persuasion, who was at that time in Plattsmouth, seven miles distant, engaged in the sale of a patent-something, sent me a written challenge to debate. It was presented by a very courteous and gentlemanly pastor of the M. E. church at Plattsmouth, Mr. Almsbury, who came to our evening meeting and presented the challenge publicly. I promised either to meet Mr. Parker in discussion at Plattsmouth on the following Tuesday, or produce at that time and place a suitable defender of our distinctive plea. This was entirely satisfactory to the affable bearer of the gauge of battle, and he returned to Plattsmouth to report to the self-proclaimed "Campbellite killer," Mr. Parker. I closed the meeting, and the next day rode out to Salt creek to consult Bro. Dungan. I found him holding a meeting in a private house, a small log cabin, near Bell's station, about three miles southwest of Ashland. This was my first visit to the beautiful, and now populous, valley of Salt creek. It was then a wild

and lonely place, and the most sanguine squatter scarcely dared to dream that the iron horse would ever drink at the briny stream. What wonderful changes nine years have wrought! Now the valley is dotted with villages, traversed and crossed by railroads, and Lincoln, proud capital of our vigorous young state, with its magnificent public and private buildings, is built upon the banks of Salt creek.

We spent the night at the house of Bro. and Sister Long, who still live near Ashland, the same kind, hospitable, and devoted brother and sister now as then, and on the following day returned to Platts-mouth. It was decided that the stripling David should meet the boasted Goliath at the time and place agreed upon. Knowing that Bro. Hand would wish to be present, and believing that his counsel might be beneficial, I crossed the Missouri river and rode to Sidney, intending to return with him to attend the discussion. Bro. Hand closed his meeting and we started back together, but when we reached the river at Kenosha, it was full of floating ice, and the ferry-boat, a flat boat propelled by oars, had stopped running. Bro. Hand made the dangerous passage in a skiff, and I rode down the east bank, hoping to be able to cross with my horse by the steam ferry at Nebraska City, twenty miles below. When I reached Nebraska City the steam ferry was not only laid up for the winter, but crossing in a skiff was pronounced impracticable. Through a terrible winter storm I traveled on down the river opposite Brownville, and

there, in sight of my Nebraska home, where the dear ones awaited my coming, sick, disappointed, and thoroughly wretched, I was compelled to pass three weary days. Hour after hour each day I gazed wistfully across at the inaccessible shore and the vast moving ice field intervening. Near the close of the third day a skiff containing a man and a boy shot out from the Nebraska shore in the crevice in the ice field to attempt the perilous passage. Bravely, desperately, with levers, mauls, and oars they fought their way, and I could not refrain from cheering them as they drew the battered craft upon the Missouri shore; but my enthusiasm abated somewhat when I found the man was drunk and the boy crying with fear. Here was an opportunity to cross, but should I avail myself of it? I asked the daring drunken navigator if he intended to return. He said he did but would first visit the grocery at Scott City and get something to drink. I offered him two dollars to take me across, provided he would start at once and without the drink. He insisted that he could manage the boat much better with an additional drink. I assured him that the saloon at Scott City kept a very poor article of whisky (I am sure I told the truth) and would better get the drink on the other side. (I am not so sure of that.) He hesitated, and I turned the scale against the Scott City saloon keeper by the offer of an additional half dollar. We crossed safely, landing a long way below Brownville, and I walked home the same evening, leaving my horse

in Missouri. The result of my exposure in the terrible December storm was typhoid fever, protracted to the middle of February. Leonard Parker, according to his own account of himself, the always victorious hero of many a hard fought polemic field, won no additional laurels at Plattsmouth. He read the stale doggerel that he always carried about with him, and told the usual number of vulgar stories and anecdotes, the most of which was received by the audience with discouraging gravity. He had evidently made no preparation for the discussion, and toward the close he was able to fill out his time, even by frequent readings of the execrable, nauseating doggerel. During the delivery of one of these abbreviated speeches, when after frequent repetitions it was evident that he was unable to proceed, a young man in the audience expressed his view of the situation by repeating in a loud whisper the then current slang phrase: "Out of soap!" "Yes," responded another, "and a big washing on hand!" The Methodist brethren were greatly disappointed with their champion. They were heartily ashamed of his coarse vulgarity, and some of them declared he should never again enter their pulpit in Plattsmouth. A protracted meeting followed with Bro. Hand as chief speaker, and eighteen were added to the church. Among the prominent members of the church at that time were good old Father Ikenbury, who fell asleep in Jesus some years since; Isaac Wiles, still a member, and elder in the church; and Brethren Phillipps,

Tutt, and Ethelridge, the latter now a worthy member of the church at Greenwood. Our place of meeting in Plattsmouth was in a large school-room in the second story of a brick building on the north side of the principal street. In 1867 our well known Peter Vogel preached for the congregation for a time, probably a year, I am unable to give accurate dates, divided his time between Plattsmouth and Rock Bluff. He was succeeded by Bro. G. B. Mullis, who removed from Wisconsin to Plattsmouth in 1869. During 1862-3, Bro. Cyrus Alton preached for the congregation with considerable success. A good house of worship was purchased and paid for.

About the middle of February, 1866, after six weeks of severe illness, I was able to join Bro. Hand in the last protracted meeting ever held in Brownville. At this meeting seven were baptized. Soon after our house of worship was blown down, and the congregation had become so greatly reduced in numbers and resources, principally by removals, that it was found impossible to rebuild it. Some of the members have united at London, five miles distant, but about thirty still remain members of the Brownville congregation. Their place of meeting is at a school house, four miles north of the town, near the residence of Bro. T. B. Edwards, who has been preaching for the church frequently during the last eighteen years.

At this new place of meeting he has baptized many of his neighbors, and, in a quiet, unobtrusive way,

has done and is still doing good work for the Master. On Sunday night, the last Lord's day in February, 1866, I began a meeting in the Methodist house at London. The arrangement for the meeting was made by Bro. Dr. Gwin, of Brownville, who had an extensive practice in the neighborhood. The town and vicinity was entirely given over to Methodism; no Christian preacher had ever spoken there, and in the minds of many of the inhabitants "Campbellites" were probably associated with Centaurs and other mythical monsters of by-gone ages.

Bro. Josiah Winters, who had lately moved into the neighborhood, promised to furnish lights and fuel for the meeting, and our Methodist friends agreed to allow us to occupy the house as long as we desired, provided we did not interfere with their regular meetings. Bro. Groin had arranged for me to stop at Father Bacon's, a good old Methodist brother, and although my reception at first was not as cordial as I would have wished, I was nevertheless well provided for.

On Sunday night an immense audience assembled. Expectation was on tiptoe! As I walked up the aisle of the crowded house there was a decided sensation, and loudly whispered questions, answers, comments, suggestions, "That's him!" "That's the Campbellite!" "I don't see any *hump* on his back!" I entered the pulpit and surveyed the audience. Mirthful curiosity sat on almost every countenance. I longed for the presence of the veteran T. B. Edwards,

but he was in attendance upon the meeting at Brownville, and my only allies were Bro. Winters and his Christian family. I prayed to God for strength and resolved to do valiant service in his cause. I had good attention and during the first week seven confessed Christ. Several of these, including Jeannette Harding, a cultivated and influential lady, were members of the Methodist church. Leaving an appointment for Sunday night, and every night during the next week, I preached at Brownville on Sunday morning, as the Methodists wished to occupy their house. Upon my return at night I found many more people assembled than could conveniently gain admittance to the house. At the door I was met by a committeeman from the Methodist church who politely informed me that I would no longer be allowed to preach in the house, or in the town of London, until I was able to prove that I was not a "runaway rebel from Missouri." The crowd understood the situation, and the wildest excitement prevailed. Bro. Henry Knight, of Nemaha City, an ex-soldier, informed me that he was armed and would protect me with his life, if necessary, and advised me to make my way to the pulpit and demand a hearing. Upon reaching the stand I produced, and called upon the committeeman to read, letters of commendation from every church with which I had ever been identified. I was informed that my standing in the Christian church was not questioned, but it was reported that I had made speeches in Missouri in

the interest of secession, and until these reports were disproved the meeting would not be allowed to proceed. There was no foundation for the report, except the admitted fact that I had lived in Missouri a portion of the time during the war; and that it was simply a ruse on the part of a few intensely hostile members of the Methodist church to close out our meeting was almost universally admitted. I resolved to hold the house and continue the meeting. I requested the committeeman to write to the church and county officers of Holt county, Missouri, for information in regard to my political antecedents, and read the answers he might receive to the audience. This he promised to do and the meeting was continued. During the first week in March sixteen were added and a church was organized with Josiah Winter elder. As an engagement at Salem would compel me to be absent several days during the following week, I wrote to Bro. Dungan, urging his immediate attendance. He came and continued the meeting with continual additions to the saved. The Methodists closed the house against him and posted a notice on the door announcing that no Christian preacher would again be allowed to preach in the house! Brother Edwin Money, who was baptized by Bro. Dungan during the meeting, seated and fitted up his storehouse as a place of worship and the good work went on. Before the meeting was moved from the Methodist house, Mr. Orville P. Welch, of the Methodist church, who proved himself a fair-minded, truthful, and hon-

orable gentleman, received and publicly read some half a dozen letters from Missouri and Kansas, completely exonerating me from the charge of disloyalty to the government of Cæsar. I returned, and the meeting was kept up the most of the time for four or five weeks. The congregation soon numbered over one hundred members. A comfortable and commodious house of worship was completed during the next year, 1867. Our quondam Methodist host, father Bacon, and many of his brethren united with the church. Bro. D. W. Shurtliff preached regularly for the congregation three years.

In 1869 the congregation employed a preacher from Missouri, whose connection with the church was, to say the least, so unfortunate that I withhold his name. A protracted Corinthian difficulty followed. Some were for the new preacher and some against him. The difficulty was referred to the State Convention, which met at Lincoln in the fall of 1870, but that body refused to act in the matter, beyond a recommendation to the church at London to select a committee, or board of arbitration, to hear evidence and decide upon a basis of settlement. Acting upon this suggestion the church selected Brethren Sprague, Black, and Ervain, well known brethren, who gave the case a careful hearing and presented satisfactory terms of agreement. The church has lost two or three members by Spiritism, and quite a large number by death and emigration, but is still quite a large and influential body, embracing many excellent brethren and sisters.

In December, 1871, Bro. Clark Braden, of Illinois, engaged in a debate at London with W. P. Shockey, Materialist. There were no Materialists in the place previous to the debate, and I have not heard of any since. In the spring of 1873 Bro. T. L. Cartwright, of Missouri, held a meeting with the church, resulting in eighteen additions.

In June, 1866, at the request of Bro. Henry Sutherlin, who had settled on Spring creek, in Johnson county, I made my first visit to Tecumseh, then a hamlet of a few houses. Bro. Sutherlin, who has since removed to southwest Missouri, had preached a few times at Yankee creek, four miles west of Tecumseh. Although a hard working farmer, he preached on Sundays whenever he had an opportunity, and his fervent zeal and his unquestioned integrity gave him influence with the common people, who always heard him gladly. The old citizens of Johnson county will always remember him as a good and true man, and an earnest and devoted servant of the Lord. Riding over the vast and lonely prairies, now dotted with dwellings and groves, and hedge-fringed farms, I reached the homestead of Bro. Sutherlin late in the afternoon. Arrangements had been made for a meeting the next morning in a grove on Yankee creek ten miles distant, and we decided to go to the house of Bro. Cyrus Douglas, one mile west of Tecumseh, that evening. The night was pitchy dark, and we lost our way and wandered over the prairie several hours, looking for the light of some dwelling, but

finally reached the house of Calvin Stubblefield, where we passed the night. The next morning it rained in torrents but cleared off about noon and a small company assembled in the grove. The wind arose and roared and shrieked through the bending trees like a legion of demons. Demosthenes, while practicing for the rostrum, would have been delighted with the situation. The writhing, swaying trees would have furnished excellent models of gesticulation and no Grecian audience ever rivaled the wild tumult and uproar attendant upon a genuine "Nebraska zephyr!" Of the seven Disciples present at that first meeting, three have left the state, two have apostatized, and two, Bro. Douglas and his Christian wife, are worthy members of the Church of Christ, in Tecumseh. The next day I visited the town with a view to secure a room for a meeting. There was no public building in the place. Mrs. Mary Bivins, wife of Alexander Bivins, a prominent citizen, kindly offered me the use of her kitchen, a long shed-roofed addition to a frame dwelling, in size about ten by twelve feet. She informed me that she had read Bro. Franklin's tract, entitled *Christian Experience*, presented by Bro. David Butler, and was favorably impressed with our teaching. The first two evenings the kitchen was crowded with curiosity seekers. The third evening there was a show at the residence of Mr. Lawrence, and I was left *sans* an audience. The next evening Mrs. Bivins made the good confession, and on Sunday she was baptized in the Nemaha river.

This noble and intelligent lady, who is still a devoted and influential member of the church at Tecumseh, was the first in Johnson county "whose heart the Lord opened so that she attended to the thing spoken," and the subsequent success that attended the preaching of the word in Tecumseh was largely due to her excellent influence. On the first day of March, 1867, I began a meeting in the new school house. We closed on the last day of the month with forty-two additions, and the organization of a church with Henry Sutherlin, James M. Thompson, and S. L. F. Ward elders. In November, 1867, I removed from Nemaha City to Tecumseh. We continued to meet in the school house until 1869, when we were permitted to occupy the court house, which had been built in the meantime. In 1870 we were excluded from the court house and were compelled to build a house of worship. Under the efficient and energetic management of Bro. D. McIlvoy, who did most of the carpenter work, Jason L. Phillips, Cyrus Douglas, and J. A. Dillon, who is now the sole elder in the congregation, a house of worship 24x42 was inclosed, plastered, painted, and temporarily seated in the fall of 1871. The house was badly damaged by a tornado in the summer of '72, but was finally completed, furnished, and opened for worship in February, '73. The writer has spoken frequently for the church from the beginning.

The church at Butler, now Elk Creek station, was organized during the meeting held by the writer at

that place, in March, 1869, J. M. Thompson and Robert Hicks elders, M. K. Cody and E. Thompson deacons. Bro. Henry Sutherlin preached semi-monthly for the church for one year, and Bro. D. W. Shurtliff monthly nearly two years. Brethren O. A. Phelps and James McGuire have held meetings with the church.

Bro. T. Q. Mathews removed from Iowa to Sterling in '71, and was the first to teach primitive Christianity in the place. In June, '72, a meeting was held by the writer and a church organized with T. Q. Mathews elder, and T. C. Lee deacon. Preaching every two weeks by Bro. Mathews.

R. A. Hawley was the first brother to settle at Clifton. He removed from Centre, Rock county, Wis., to that place in April, 1867. Two months later he was followed by Bro. D. B. Coryell; for some time an elder in the church at Centre, and his Bro. Richard, at that time a Congregationalist. With characteristic promptness and energy these two indefatigable workers made arrangement for a meeting at Bro. Hawley's house for the first Lord's day after Bro. Coryell arrived. They made a thorough canvass of the neighborhood for the purpose of learning the religious views of the people and inviting them out to the meeting. They found a few Baptists and Methodists, many who made no religious profession, and one avowed infidel, but none who would call them brethren. The nearest congregation of Disciples was at London, twelve miles distant. Both

brethren were blessed with excellent Christian wives who were well calculated to assist in establishing the ordinances of the Lord's house at Clifton. The attendance at the first meeting was quite large; Brethren Coryell and Hawley, though at that time unaccustomed to public speaking, read and explained the Scriptures as best they could. Others were persuaded to take part in the meeting and considerable interest was manifested. From that time on meetings were held every Lord's day morning. A Bible class was formed and many animated discussions took place. In August, Julius Gilbert, an intelligent and devoted Methodist, formerly a class leader, settled at Clifton. He immediately took an interest in the meetings and Bible class. A deep interest was awakened in the community and almost the whole neighborhood came together every Sunday to investigate the Scriptures. About this time Benton Aldrich, the infidel, made himself conspicuous in the Bible class. He declared himself able to prove the Bible a false and contradictory book, teaching the conflicting views of all religious bodies. He demanded a place in the class and the privilege of showing that opposing systems could be proved by the same book. He claimed that no one believed it all; that each believed that part of it which favored his system or theory and disbelieved the rest. He was courteously received and allowed ample time to make good his boast, but he utterly failed to show that our brethren disbelieved any passage in its most obvious sense. On one occasion, at

the close of an unanswerable argument by Bro. Coryell, Mr. Aldrich arose, and addressing Bro. Gilbert, called for a similar defense of Methodism. "Now," said he, "Mr. Coryell has proven that the Bible teaches Campbellism, and I want you to show that it also teaches Methodism! You can do it! If you can't, renounce it like a man and embrace Campbellism!" Bro. Gilbert declined to make any defense of Methodism.

The design of baptism came up for discussion. Several members of the class denied that baptism is for the remission of sins. One Baptist brother said he agreed with Paul that we are justified by faith without the deeds of the law. Mr. Aldrich expressed himself highly gratified with the situation. "Now," said he, "your apostle Peter plainly and positively declares that baptism is for the remission of sins. You do not believe it. I do not believe it. We are fellow infidels! I am gaining ground. All who disbelieve Peter belong with me;" and advancing to Bro. Gilbert, he offered his hand, but honest, God-fearing Bro. Gilbert declined the fraternal greeting. The meetings were kept up through the fall and winter with constantly increasing interest.

On the 12th day of January, 1868, Bro. Coryell delivered a discourse and, at the close, for the first time, invited sinners to come to Christ. Two persons came forward and the speaker turned to Bro. Gilbert and asked what they should be instructed to do. He replied that Bible precedent and teaching

required them to confess their faith in Christ and be immediately buried with him in baptism. "It is not," said he, "the teaching of my church, but it is clearly the teaching of the word of God." They were immersed by Bro. Gilbert. Two weeks from that time, January 26, to the intense disgust of Mr. Aldrich, all immersed believers in attendance upon the meetings, except two, and I believe they have since become members of the church, agreed to unite upon the Bible. A church of seventy members was organized, with Julius Gilbert and R. A. Hawley elders, and George Smedley and Richard Coryell, deacons. In the fall of '69 I for the first time visited this noble band of brethren. We had a very pleasant meeting and nine were added to the church. During the meeting I made the acquaintance of Mr. Aldrich, and found him, apart from his intense hostility to Christianity, a very pleasant and companionable gentleman. He told me that he had been the means of uniting four religious bodies at Clifton; a result that God had been trying to accomplish for many years and signally failed. The brethren have not only held the ground in Clifton, but have constantly grown in numbers, influence, and working power, and have sounded out the gospel in all the region round about. Bro. Coryell, especially, has been abundant in his labors. He has immersed quite a large number at Glen Rock, five miles east of Clifton, within the last three years, and held several successful protracted meetings at other points in the vicinity.

He is poor in the things of this world, and usually labors six days in the week to support himself and family, but is always ready to lay aside the implements of manual labor and take up the sword of the Spirit, which he has learned to wield with great skill and power. We have few men among us who have made a better use of the talents committed to their keeping. He has been bitterly persecuted, but labors on with increasing zeal and tireless perseverance. Death has often entered his humble home and claimed the dearest earthly objects of his affection, but his faith never falters, and his brave heart never faints. When the Master calls him from labor to rest he will be found ready, and many that he has directed to the Lamb of God will bless his memory.

It may be that the famous saline stream, said to be ascended by defeated politicians, is only a myth, but Salt creek, *our* Salt creek, is a veritable stream, navigable for the largest sized——catfish! It is a perverse little stream and insists upon flowing nearly due north, when, according to all known rules, it ought to run south. Almost ten years ago I stood upon the gently rising bluffs, just east of the “Old Mormon Ford,” looking down for the first time upon the vast and beautiful valley of Salt creek. I marked the course of the forest bordered stream, from its apparent source in the arching clouds of the horizon, until the briny flood was lost in the broad bosom of the Platte. Here, I thought, is a fitting seat of empire, but it is too far away from the Missouri river—our

base. I had traveled from Rock Bluff, forty miles, over an unsettled prairie, and was in search of Bro. Dungan. I expected to find him in some of the little houses that nestled in the edge of the timber that skirted the stream. How he ever found his way to that remote place in the winter of 1864-5 is a mystery. In those days we frequently traveled on horseback to our appointments, eighty and one hundred miles. In winter we floundered through the snow drifts and breasted the pitiless icy winds that swept over the vast, bleak prairies. In summer we sometimes suffered severely from thirst, hunger, and weariness, and often with great difficulty forded the unbridged streams. And here let me do that historic horse, "*poor dead Cæsar*," this justice. He *could*, in some way, get out of the deepest mudhole, but I still protest that the performance was not graceful. But those days of labor and suffering for the Master were happy days after all, and as I write my heart is burdened with tender memories of ten years ago. How my heart bounded with joy at the sight of a brother's house, and thrilled as I clasped a brother's hand! Let no one who may read these sketches infer, from anything I have written, that the brethren are niggardly, and unwilling to support preachers of the gospel. In proportion to their means, they have given freely, but they are poor. We all came here poor. We have labored hard to make for ourselves and our children comfortable homes. Disaster has overtaken our state, and to-day many lack the most common comforts of life.

The Church of Christ on Salt creek was under the labors of Bro. Dungan in February, 1865. The meetings were held in a log cabin near Bell's station. In this log cabin our excellent and well known Bro. A. C. Loder and his wife, Robt. Farmer, M. C. Long, Benj. Parker, and others confessed Christ. Bro. Robert E. Farmer, now of Greenwood, was the first person immersed at Salt creek. L. H. Bell and wife, L. C. Chevront and wife, and Father Sheffer were among the original members. Father Sheffer was chosen elder and Lemuel Chevront deacon. The congregation continued to meet in the log cabin for some time, and quite a number were added in addition to those named above. Meetings were also held in groves, private houses, and school houses. In the summer of '65, at a meeting held in a grove on Callahan's branch, A. C. Loder was added to the eldership, and Owen Marshall was elected deacon. Both of these brethren still occupy the positions to which they were at that time elected, and are very efficient officers. Phillip Golly and Wm. Laughlin have since been added to the eldership. After the B. & M. railroad was built through the valley and a little town had sprung up at Greenwood station some three miles south of the old place of meeting, the brethren gradually begun to make their headquarters at that place. Bro. George Mansfield, of Cedar creek, where Bro. Dungan organized a small congregation in '65, preached for the church for some time, and later Bro. Benjamin Baker for a time. Bro. Dungan frequently

held meetings with the church for several years. I have a letter before me from Bro. Loder, in which, writing of the meetings in the log cabin, he says: "Bro. Dungan was not a *big preacher* at that time; in fact only a boy, as you may say, but he was in earnest, and preached the ancient gospel with great power, leading many sinners to see the error of their ways."

In February, '74, the writer held a meeting with the church at Greenwood with forty-seven additions—thirty-three by baptism. The meeting was continued by Bro. Dungan, and in all I think 69 were added. The meeting was held in the Congregationalist house of worship. During this meeting Bro. C. A. Miller, a Baptist preacher of fine ability and good reputation, united with the church. A few weeks later I returned to Greenwood to spend a few days with the church, but our Congregationalist friends refused to allow me to speak in their house. The brethren rented a hall in which I spoke three times and took one confession. During the summer of '74 a neat and commodious house of worship was built, much of the responsibility and labors being cheerfully assumed by Brethren Loder and Marshall. In September the State Meeting was held with the church.

When I removed to Nemaha City, in the summer of '65, horse racing, gambling, and whisky drinking were the principal occupations of a very large majority of the inhabitants. True, there were a few good

moral citizens, in addition to the excellent brethren named in a previous sketch, but they were powerless to stay the tide of evil. On one occasion, when Bro. T. K. Hansberry was preaching in the old school house, a drunken desperado named Stephens entered the house and ordered him out of the stand, saying that he intended to finish the sermon himself! As Bro. Hansberry did not see fit to comply with this extraordinary demand, Stephens advanced, seized him roughly by the collar and attempted to pull him from the stand, saying, "Get out of here, d—you; you can't preach; let me preach!" Several citizens ejected the wretched man from the house, Mr. Frank Chaplin accelerating his progress by frequent and vigorous applications of a number nine boot, and the service proceeded. In the fall of '66, at my request, Bro. Dungan preached in Nemaha City a week or ten days, and immersed three or four persons. I was absent from home during the meeting. He afterwards told me that he found it very difficult to make his sermons equal the horse races in interest. He gave it as his opinion that a number of people in the surrounding country would like to become Christians, but unfortunately they were just at that time engaged in making molasses. A few years ago, finding it impossible to make any further progress in the town, the place of meeting was changed to Larkin's school house, three miles south, where we now have an excellent congregation. In the midst of a perverse and wicked generation, these brethren have been true to

Christ and true to each other. For ten years I have been intimately associated with them and count them among my best and truest friends. Excepting the church at Tecumseh, I have spoken more frequently to this congregation than to any other in the state, and have baptized, married, and assisted in burying many of its members.

W. P. Shockey, the great (avoirdupois) Materialist, who settled in Nemaha City in 1867, lives in the immediate neighborhood of our place of meeting. When he first came among us he boasted loudly of his ability to break up this and other congregations, but, so far as I know, he has failed to shake the faith of a single Disciple. He can now very nearly count his followers in this state upon his fingers. He is now preaching that the dead will be raised in "seven bands," and at seven different periods, and that *all* will be "saved in the ages to come." Two years ago he taught that the wicked dead would never be raised; six years ago that they would be resurrected and destroyed. He is a man of considerable ability, but like all others who have once known the truth and forsaken it, he has become a complete wreck.

While living in Nemaha City I held meetings at many places in the surrounding country and organized several small congregations. In the fall of '67, learning that Bro. Laughlin had settled at Big Spring, four miles south of St. Deroir, I visited the place and held a meeting. About twenty were baptized at the first meeting. Other meetings followed and a

church was organized. For some time this insignificant village, St. Deroin, hidden away among the bluffs of the Missouri river, was considered the Mecca of Materialism in this state, and perhaps half a dozen soul-sleepers could now be unearthed in the vicinity. In '69 Bro. Dungan visited the place and delivered a series of lectures against Materialism. A church was soon organized, with Isaac Clark elder. In the summer of '71 the writer held a meeting with the church and eight were baptized. In the fall of the same year Bro. Braden debated with W. P. Shockey at St. Deroin. The discussion was a very exciting one, and results prove that Materialism sustained an overwhelming defeat. Over twenty persons were baptized by Bro. Braden and Bro. J. W. Tate at the close of the discussion.

Several brethren from Illinois settled at Monterey, twelve miles west of Nemaha City, in 1864-5, and among them our preaching brother, D. W. Shurtliff. In September, '66, I assisted Bro. Shurtliff in a meeting and about forty were baptized. At the above meeting seven young men, all between twenty and twenty-four years old, were immersed at one time, and on another occasion three old men, the youngest over sixty and the oldest near eighty. Such are the nomadic habits of our people that no more than two or three families of brethren now live in the neighborhood, and the church no longer exists.

The exciting events connected with the founding of the church at Pawnee City, in the fall of '65, under

the labors of Bro. Dungan, are described at some length in another sketch. In March, '66, Bro. G. R. Hand held a meeting with the church, and afterwards preached monthly for six months. About twenty were added under his labors. In November of the same year the writer assisted the church in a meeting resulting in seventeen additions. Bro. Richard Linn preached frequently for the church during the first three years.

In August, '68, Bro. Dungan settled with the congregation and remained until May, '71. During this time a good house of worship was built and many were added to the church. The intense opposition of the Methodists culminated in the Dungan and Luccoc debate in '69. From the beginning every inch of ground had been hotly contested, and it had been frequently intimated that an invincible controversialist would be imported who would utterly demolish the fledgling preachers of the Christian church in Nebraska. Finally, under the direction of a Methodist preacher, now at Creston, Iowa—a man of sublime assurance, gross ignorance, and unsavory reputation—the veteran debater, John Luccoc, of Illinois, was engaged for the defense of Methodism. The preacher referred to assured his friends that “Luccoc would *blackguard* Dungan out of Pawnee City within three days,” and the sequel proved him well acquainted with Mr. Luccoc’s *forte*. It was evident that Mr. Luccoc had been misinformed in regard to the ability of his opponent, and that he had placed

too low an estimate upon the intelligence of the audience. At the end of eight days he was completely broken down, and an object of pity to all present. His last speech was simply a depreciating *whine*, a pitiful appeal to the sympathies of the audience whose sense of propriety and decency he had shocked and outraged by his vulgarity for eight days. One was immersed during the discussion, and at the close six, several of them prominent citizens, were also buried in baptism.

Table Rock perpetuates the memory of a huge rock in the form of a table, long since overturned. It was large enough for a festive board for the giants of Terra, and was considered a great curiosity. The first settlers were Methodists, and the faithful and persistent efforts that have been made to build up a church in the place have been attended with but little success. Bro. Richard Linn settled at Table Rock in the spring of '65. Bro. Linn had a large and intelligent family, all of suitable age being members of the church. His accomplished daughter Emma is quite well known as a writer. She was at one time associated with Bro. T. J. Shelton, in editing *The Rock*. There are several other families, connections, of the same name in the vicinity, and I think at least a dozen worthy members of the little church at Table Rock are named Linn. As soon as he was fairly settled in his new home Bro. Linn began to preach to the people. A Bro. Davis, afterwards supposed to be murdered by Indians, and three

or four other Disciples, were found in the vicinity. These were brought together and the Lord's death commemorated for the first time in Pawnee county. When the church was founded in Pawnee City, six miles distant, Bro. Linn and his family united with the church at that place, but he did not cease his efforts to build up a church at home. In the winter of '66, Bro. Dungan immersed four persons at Table Rock, the result of a meeting of nearly two weeks. The present organization, of about thirty members, was effected during a meeting held by the writer in the fall of '72.

Bro. O. J. Tinker was the first settler at Humboldt, and the original proprietor of the town, which now contains 500 inhabitants. In '65-6, I often stopped at his isolated dwelling on my way to Pawnee City, sure of a warm meeting and boundless hospitality. In October, '66, a meeting was held by the writer in a newly completed *adobe* school house near Bro. Tinker's residence, and eight persons were baptized. I think Bro. Shurtliff, and perhaps Bro. Linn, had previously spoken there. Bro. Tinker was the first, and I think for some time the only elder. In the winter of '67, Bro. Dungan held a successful meeting with the church. Wm. Smith, J. F. Berry, P. T. Russell, and F. M. Hawkins have at different times been employed to preach for the congregation.

In this place the brethren made the mistake of contributing largely to the erection of a Methodist house, with the understanding that they would be al-

lowed to use it a portion of the time. They have occupied it a part of the time for several years by *paying an exorbitant rent!*

Nebraska was admitted into the family of states on the second day of March, 1867. In June following, the commissioners appointed to locate a capital city frightened the coyotes and jack rabbits that had from time immemorial held peaceable possession of the prairies of upper Salt creek, by driving down their stakes upon the plateau east of the great salt basin. There was the city with its long rows of stakes, but would there ever be any buildings in it? The Aladdin of American enterprise brought forth the wonderful lamp and—presto! Well, purchase a through ticket to Lincoln from any city in the United States or Canada, and see what has been accomplished in eight years! When you reach the depot at Lincoln get a carriage, for it is a “city of magnificent distances.” Visit the state house, university, insane asylum, and penitentiary; and while making your tour of observation you may count a dozen houses of worship. While acting as chaplain in the legislature in the winter of 1868–9, Bro. Dungan held several meetings, the first by our brethren in the place. He canvassed the city and vicinity and obtained a list of twenty-eight names of those who had elsewhere been members of the church. The largest number of these were living in the country, some of them ten miles distant. On the 24th day of January, 1869, an organization was effected, and the veterans Michael

Combs and Joseph Robinson were chosen elders. Bro. J. M. Yearnshaw settled in Lincoln in May following. On the second Lord's day in July eight brethren met together in his uncompleted dwelling and broke the loaf for the first time in Lincoln. A carpenter's work-bench was used for a pulpit and communion table. On the next Lord's day twelve brethren broke bread at Bro. Yearnshaw's house, and from that time on the brethren met every Lord's day, Bro. Yearnshaw preaching for them. The only house of worship in Lincoln at that time was a small frame structure on Tenth street, owned by the Methodists. It has lately been moved to the south part of the city, near Bro. Dungan's residence, and converted into a ward school house. In the fall of '69, the Methodists completed a new house of worship and our brethren rented the old one, where they met every Lord's day for nearly a year.

The first immersion at Lincoln was that of Julia McCoy, a deaf mute. She was baptized by Bro. Yearnshaw, August 22, '69, near where the Atchison & Nebraska railroad depot now stands, in the overflowing waters of Salt creek, which was at that time nearly a mile wide. When Lincoln was founded the state donated three lots to each of the principal religious bodies, provided a house of worship was built thereon within three years. A subscription had been circulated during Bro. Dungan's stay in Lincoln, and about \$1,200 pledged towards the erection of a house, but nothing further was done in the matter till the

fall of '69, when Brethren Yearnshaw, French, and Hawk were appointed a building committee. Dr. French was compelled to devote nearly all his time to professional duties, Bro. Hawk was living in the country, and the labor devolved almost wholly upon Bro. Yearnshaw. The subscription was increased about \$1,000, and in November the work of building was commenced. The house must be completed within a year or the lots, which had become valuable, would revert to the state. The work was pushed forward during the winter, when the weather would permit, and the house was completed and opened for worship on the 3d day of July, 1870. Bro. Yearnshaw not only superintended the work of building, devoting nearly all his time to the work for several months, but labored much of the time with his own hands, and advanced the money from his private funds whenever collections could not be made. All the leading preachers of Lincoln participated in the opening exercises, and the house was crowded. Bro. Yearnshaw delivered the opening discourse.

In September following, the State meeting was held with the church. The brethren continued to meet for worship, with accessions almost every Lord's day, and at the close of the second year the membership was about eighty. In May, 1871, Bro. Dungan was employed to labor for the congregation three months, and at the close of that time he was engaged for one year. He continued to preach for the church three years, to the entire satisfaction of the member-

ship, and gaining the respect and esteem of the entire community. During the second year of Bro. Dungan's labors the church numbered 110. Removals and deaths, principally the former, have reduced the number to about eighty. When Bro. Dungan's time expired Bro. A. R. Benton, who had frequently supplied his place in his absence, and Bro. Yearnshaw, conducted the worship for some months. In October, '74, Bro. J. B. Johnson was employed, but on account of failing health he was compelled to resign, after some three months of very acceptable service. At this writing Bro. J. Mad.-Williams, of Beatrice, is preaching for the congregation every two weeks.

Bro. T. K. Hansberry, who must be regarded as the founder of the church at Salem, settled on a farm near that place in the fall of 1863. There were several Disciples in the town and vicinity, and Bro. John Mullis had held meetings in Salem; but, so far as I can learn, there was not even a nominal organization. At that time there was no church or school house, or public building of any kind in the place, and the meetings were held at private houses. Three saloons were in full blast, and bloody affrays frequently furnished tenants for the graveyard on the hill. Almost every day and night, Sunday not excepted, was made hideous by crowds of noisy, drunken, quarrelsome men. About this time some of the best citizens of the place, after mature deliberation, shot to death a noted desperado and murderer, who constantly threatened the lives of peaceable citizens. Bro. Hansberry

immediately took the field against King Alcohol, reasoning boldly of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." If our good brother is intemperate in anything, it is in his ardent advocacy of temperance, and vehement and unsparing denunciation of the venders of "liquid death and distilled damnation." After exhausting all admissible adjectives in our vernacular, I have heard him coin new ones, expressive of his loathing of the whisky seller. Of course all in the whisky interest were soon arrayed against him in deadly enmity. He was advised to "attend to his own business of preaching the gospel instead of interfering with the legitimate and legalized business of his neighbors!" His life was often threatened, and at one time a mob was organized for his destruction, but he escaped, as he says, "by the grace of God." His warmest friends advised him, at least for a time, to be silent on the temperance question. On one occasion his friends entreated him not to attempt to fill an appointment in Salem, or if he did speak, to say nothing upon the subject of temperance. Bro. Hansberry not only kept his appointment but delivered a discourse on the evils of intemperance, and denounced the whisky business in unmeasured terms. The friends of order, education, and Christianity rallied to his support, and within two years the last saloon was driven from the town, and a good school house was built.

In August, '65, I assisted Bro. Hansberry in a successful meeting, during which officers were chosen

and the organization perfected. Among the active and devoted members, I remember the names of Brethren Nelson, son of Elder Wm. Nelson, Mobley, and Tisdell; Sisters Lincoln, Rising, Kinnison, and Campbell, whose husbands were not members. After living on his farm one year, Bro. Hansberry removed to town and was abundant in his labors both at home and abroad.

In the spring of '66 Elder Wm. Nelson, one of the pioneer preachers of Indiana, came to Nebraska and took up his residence with his daughter, Sister Hadlock, who then lived near Salem. During the summer he preached at Salem, Nebraska City, and other points. The weight of years rested heavily upon him, yet when he told the story of the cross, his resistless pathos, the beauty of his great loving heart beaming forth like a halo of glory from his countenance, together with the bursts of rare eloquence, gave us glimpses of the fellow laborer of Scott and Martindale in the long ago. In the fall, in October, I think, he fell asleep in Jesus. The writer spoke at his funeral and followed the mortal remains to their last resting place upon the summit of the lofty bluffs that overlook the Missouri river, just north of Nemaha City. One who knew and loved him well insists that brief mention of the life and service of this "great and good man" be made in this sketch. Bro. Nelson obeyed the gospel in early manhood, in Cass county, Indiana, and immediately became the yoke-fellow and traveling companion of Bro. John Scott,

following his discourses with exhortation, as was the custom in those days. He was soon put into the field as an evangelist in Cass, Carroll, Howard, and Miami counties, where he labored with great success for many years, baptizing hundreds of persons and founding many churches. Thousands in all that region will be glad to be again reminded of this pure and faithful man of God. If the brethren there remember with regret that he labored among them so many years almost wholly at his own charges, we inform them that, while he is beyond the reach of earthly rewards, his aged wife, now living at Logansport, Ind., may yet be comforted by substantial assurances of a due appreciation of the unrequited labors of the husband of her youth and old age.

In '67 Bro. Hansberry removed from Salem to Padonia, Kan., and for some time the church was without regular preaching. Brethren Dungan, Berry, Shurtliff, Ran, the writer, and the apostates Webster and Finney, held occasional meetings with the church till some time in '71, when Bro. J. F. Berry settled in Salem. He remained two years, during which time the membership increased from about fifty to over one hundred. Bro. Berry's health failing, he retired to his farm near Hiawatha, Kan.

For several years we almost despaired of being able to establish a church in Falls City. A meeting of ten days was held there by the writer in the spring of '66 without any visible results. In '69 G. T. Webster, who had been excluded from fellowship and

published as an impostor by the church at Oregon, Mo., brought together a number of brethren living principally in the country, and a house of worship was commenced in Falls City. The house was never completed and ultimately passed into private hands. Quite a large number were baptized by Webster at Boyd's school house, Pearson's school house, and in town. As the brethren in this locality have been severely censured for sustaining this vile impostor, it is but just to say that they were completely deceived in regard to the character of the man, and the nature of the evidence supporting the charges against him. Those who know him need not be told that he is well calculated to deceive.

In the fall of '72, Bro. T. L. Cartwright held a successful meeting in Falls City. Several were baptized, officers were elected, and arrangements made for regular worship. In June '74, the writer held a series of meetings with the church resulting in about twenty additions.

The Baptists were holding a series of meetings in Falls City at the same time. Several were added at their meetings, and among them G. T. Webster, who related an experience in due form! He had previously declared his intention to unite with the Baptist church for the purpose of placing himself in a position to revenge his fancied wrongs by opposing the teaching of our brethren! He is now preaching for our Baptist brethren, and I am told he utterly demolishes something he is pleased to call Campbellism in almost every discourse.

Illinois Settlement is the name given to a populous and thrifty neighborhood, nearly midway between Nebraska City and Tecumseh—some sixteen miles from either place. It is one of the loveliest rural districts in the state. The roads and farms are bordered with hedges and trees, and the houses are hidden away in beautiful groves. Among the earliest settlers, who, as the name indicates, were from Illinois, were brethren R. V. Black, Felix and Frederick Setts, and their Christian families. In February, '68, I held the first meeting by our brethren at that place. About twenty were baptized, and a church of twenty-seven members organized. Bro. Henry Sutherlin preached for the congregation every two weeks the first year, and the writer monthly during the second year.

In 1870 Bro. John Truax, now in Minnesota, settled with the congregation. About this time Brethren Elliot, Ewan, Calvin, Hubbard, and others, removed to the neighborhood, and the church was greatly strengthened. Bro. Truax preached for the congregation very acceptably two years. In the spring of '71 Bro. Cyrus Alton assisted him in a meeting, and quite a number were added to the church.

When Bro. Truax withdrew from the state, I again visited the congregation monthly for a time.

The church at Unadilla was founded by Bro. J. B. Johnson. Compelled to abandon his position as pastor of the church at Cleveland, Ohio, on account

of failing health, he settled on a farm one mile east of Unadilla, in the spring of 1872. The town consisted of about a dozen houses, the railroad depot included. Several excellent Congregationalist and Methodist brethren were living in the town and vicinity, but there was no church organization in the place. There were no Disciples in the neighborhood. As soon as his health would permit, Bro. Johnson began to hold meetings at his own house, and at the houses of his neighbors. He soon succeeded in organizing a Sunday school, supported by the entire religious element in the community. Sister Anna Sanders was the first resident of Unadilla immersed upon a profession of faith in Christ. She was in attendance upon the state meeting at Lincoln, in the fall of '72, where she made the good confession and was immersed by the writer in the baptism of the Baptist church. In June, '73, I was called to assist Bro. Johnson in the only protracted meeting ever held at Unadilla. Bro. Johnson had previously immersed quite a number of persons, but no organization had been effected. During the meeting ten persons were immersed, officers were chosen, and bread was broken for the first time. The evening and Lord's day meetings were held in the store of Mr. Abbott, week day meetings at Bro. Johnson's house.

The church at Barada was organized in November, '72, with forty-five members. Previous to this time Brethren Braden and Truax had preached here a

few times, and Bro. Phelps monthly for six months. Eight Disciples were living in the neighborhood.

My first visit to the place was made in company with Bro. Truax in the summer of '72. During the meeting held at that time three persons previously connected with the denominations associated themselves with the brethren. In November following a meeting was held by the writer with thirty-four additions. The meeting was held in a well ventilated log school house. I think a good-sized cat could have been thrown through some of the holes in the wall. The building was warmed(?) by a large stove in the center, and the audience was always divided, in efforts to secure comfortable positions, into two classes: those who were trying to get near the stove to keep from freezing, and those who were trying to get away from the stove to keep from being burned up! During the meeting Stephen Fairchilds, an aged Methodist preacher, was immersed.

The church at Bower was founded under the joint labors of Brethren L. C. Baur and Theodore Johnson. Bro. Baur came to Nebraska in the spring of '69. Leaving his family in Nebraska City, he started out to explore the county and select a location. He visited Jefferson county and purchased the site of his present home. The populous and highly cultivated district known as Bower was then simply a part of the vast and almost tenantless prairie that spanned the distance between the Big and Little Blue rivers. Not a furrow had been turned within four miles of

the location selected by Bro. Baur. While taking the necessary steps to secure the land he stopped at the nearest house, that of Mr. Armstrong, four miles distant. Having learned that his guest was a preacher, Mr. Armstrong invited his neighbors to meet at his house on the next Lord's day for worship. Nearly all the settlers within a radius of five or six miles came together and Bro. Baur preached to them. This was on Sunday, June 6, 1869. It was the first sermon by our brethren in that region of country. Bro. Baur returned to Nebraska City and remained till the second week in August, when, in company with Bro. Theo. Johnson, who was also in search of a new home, he again returned to Jefferson county. On the first Lord's day after they arrived at Mr. Armstrong's they attended a meeting of United Brethren, five miles east. The meeting was held in an arbor constructed of trunks and branches of small trees and seated with rough boards. Dinner was provided on the ground. The meeting was held with a view to organize a church of United Brethren, and the speaker of the occasion, in his morning discourse, proceeded to set forth the doctrines of his church. Faith and repentance were declared to be the only conditions of salvation. During the dinner recess Bro. Johnson asked him for his authority for this statement. He was referred to Acts 2:38, to which Bro. Johnson immediately turned and called attention to the omitted condition of baptism. He was informed that he would be allowed to express his

views in public at the close of the afternoon sermon. The afternoon discourse was an attempt to prove that baptism is not a condition of pardon. As soon as the sermon was concluded the speaker and two of his friends left the ground, and Brethren Johnson and improved the opportunity to instruct the people in the way of the Lord more perfectly.

The first week in September Bro. Baur's family arrived upon the ground and took possession of their new home. Three weeks later Bro. Johnson's wife came on from Ohio, and the two families lived together until Bro. Johnson had time to build a house on his homestead. Meetings were now held every Lord's day at Bro. Baur's house. In December following, the United Brethren held a protracted meeting on Cub creek, eight miles east. Brethren Johnson and Baur attended, and the former was invited to assist in organizing a church of United Brethren. This Bro. Johnson declined to do, but offered to assist in preaching, leaving the choice of churches with the people. This the speaker, Mr. Allen, refused to do, but promised the brethren he would leave the meeting in their hands if he failed to secure a suitable number for an organization within a given time, provided they would not, in the meantime, interfere with his labors. To this arrangement the brethren readily consented. At the proper time the front seats were vacated and all who were willing to be United Brethren were invited to come forward. Only one responded, and as Mr. Allen was not prepared to

organize a United *Brother* church, the meeting was given up to our brethren. The next evening Bro. Johnson preached and four confessed Christ. The meetings at this point closed with the year '69, and the next evening, January 1, it was moved to Bro. Baur's house. His oldest son made the good confession New Year's night. The next day, Sunday, the congregation was organized. Up to this time there had been fourteen additions, making twenty-eight members in all. The meeting was continued several days at Bro. Baur's house, and eight were added to the church, making thirty-six. In the spring following Wm. Sumpter, a Congregationalist preacher from England, settled in the neighborhood. While building a house on his homestead he boarded at Bro. Baur's, and had many conversations and no little controversy with him in relation to the teaching of the Scriptures. These conversations led Bro. Sumpter to re-examine the Scriptures bearing upon the action and design of baptism, and a few months later he was baptized by Bro. Johnson. His wife was also immersed at the same time. The day after his immersion he preached for the Disciples, and has ever since contended earnestly for the faith. He is a man of fine ability, fair education, and undoubted honesty, and is greatly beloved by all who know him. His writings often enrich the columns of our periodicals. In February, '73, Bro. Johnson removed to Ohio. The church now numbers forty-one members.

Hebron is a lovely little village in the valley of

the Little Blue river, near the sixth principal meridian. It is the county seat of Thayer, and contains about 500 inhabitants. It was founded in the spring of 1869. Previous to that time the valley was sparsely settled by ranchmen and squatters, who were occasionally driven out or murdered by the Indians.

The last general massacre and stampede of the settlers took place in the summer of 1864. At that time Joseph Roper, with whom the writer has been acquainted from boyhood, was keeping a ranch four miles above where Hebron now stands. The family consisted of Mr. Roper, his wife, and two grown daughters. When the Indians attacked the settlement the eldest daughter, with her affianced lover, was at a social gathering at the house of a neighbor. The Indians surrounded the house and killed or captured all the inmates. My friend's daughter saw her lover killed and scalped, and in company with two other young ladies, was borne away into captivity. Mr. Roper, with his wife and remaining daughter barely escaped from their dwelling and mounted their horses before it was surrounded by the Indians. The daughter remained in captivity about a year, subject to the most brutal treatment, but was finally purchased by an officer at Ft. Kearney, and returned to her parents. She is now married and living near Beatrice.

Soon after the town of Hebron was founded the Indians made a descent upon the settlement, but were repulsed.

Elder L. J. Correll settled at Hebron in the fall of 1869. Soon after his arrival he visited Omaha and prevailed upon General Auger to send a company of soldiers for the protection of the settlers. The first sermon in the settlement was preached by Elder Correll to the soldiers and citizens, at the company's barracks. Regular meetings were commenced and the loaf broken for the first time, in October, 1869. Bro. Correll and Elder C. J. Rhodes preached alternately until the following spring, when Elder J. Hendershot and other brethren came in, and a congregation was organized. Brethren Correll, Rhodes, and Hendershot were chosen elders.

These alternated in preaching until the fall of 1872, when Bro. Wm. Sumpter was employed for one year. During his labors with the church a protracted meeting was held, Bro. L. C. Baur assisting, and two or three persons were baptized.

In August, 1874, the writer assisted the church in a meeting resulting in twelve additions, nine by baptism. Bro. Correll has labored a part of the time at other places since the church was founded, and Bro. Hendershot has labored more abundantly for the church than any one else. He is an excellent and faithful brother, and has the entire confidence of the brethren.

Beatrice is one of the largest and most important cities of the second class in southern Nebraska. It is situated on the Big Blue river, some forty miles south of Lincoln. It enjoys the advantages of a

splendid water power, inexhaustible quarries of the finest building stone in the state, and a surrounding country unsurpassed for fertility and beauty.

The first meeting in the place by our brethren was held by the writer in May, 1868. The meeting was held in the school house, a small frame structure, which long since gave place to a fine brick edifice. Bro. John Tripp and wife, now residing in Wilber, were the only Disciples in the place. At the above meeting Dr. H. M. Reynolds and wife, Mrs. Harrington, and a young man, whose name I have forgotten, were baptized. Bro. Dungan soon after preached several days in Beatrice. In July following I held a second meeting with three accessions, and two were added during a third visit in August of the same year. In the summer of '71 several brethren settled in Beatrice, and occasional meetings were held at the house of Bro. Reynolds. In the fall of '72 Bro. J. C. Past attended the state meeting at Lincoln, and made arrangements with Bro. J. W. Allen to hold a meeting in Beatrice. The meeting began the first week in October, and continued ten days, when a telegram called Bro. Allen to the bedside of a dying brother, and the meeting closed, just when an interest began to be manifested. During this meeting two were baptized, and a congregation of about twenty members organized.

These were the perilous days for the church. To quote the language of another: "At that time we had

very little missionary organization, either at home or abroad. We had no wealthy churches in the east to send help. For years all that was done was by the sacrifices of a few scattering Disciples, mostly preachers. Not only were these men left to prosecute the war at their own charges, but in the face of the most unrelenting opposition. Those who were here thought there were churches enough in the territory already, and that it was their Christian duty to prevent others from being started. The opposition to us would have been still stronger but for our feebleness that made us unworthy of even the contempt of those who had preceded us. Money was scarce. The civil war lay heavily on the nation; thieves and desperadoes were in awful abundance. Indian scares came in for a spicing; political excitement ran high. Suspicion, prejudice, and hate were common. All churches in Nebraska suffered from these excitements and counter-interests. It seems as if the cause of the restoration would certainly go down during this storm-vexed condition of the country."

Through these exciting times my father labored, with the exception of one year, from July, 1865, to November, 1890, the time of his death. The great number of churches in Nebraska owe their existence to his energy and faithfulness. The sword only dropped from his hand when he had no longer the ability to retain it. Most of the time he struggled in poverty. The State Board was many times unable to settle with him. He forgave the Board a debt of

\$1,600 at one time. No other man has set foot on Nebraska soil who has done so much good at so small an expense, and thousands will rejoice in heaven because of his work of faith.

No man can tell the results of his labors. Place in the mighty scale of time and eternity the 5,000 converts brought to Christ directly through his labors—their children, and children's children made to know the Lord through his teaching; his Godly and consecrated life; his words of warning and admonition; his counsels for peace; his brotherly kindness toward all men, and who shall count the weights required. Not until that great day, when the Infinite One shall open the books and settle every account, shall the result be known.

In 1865 my father debated with O. N. Johnson, a Seventh Day Adventist, at Franklin, Nebraska, in which he affirmed that Christians were neither under the law of Moses nor bound to keep the Sabbath. The debate comprised eight speeches each, Bro. Barrow having fifteen minutes extra to close. Johnson had also, on his last speech, fifteen minutes' extra time. The debate was very pleasant and agreeable, except that Johnson lost his temper a few times and accused Bro. Barrow of misrepresenting him, which turned out to be his own misunderstanding. He sought by every possible means to mislead and decoy my father from the real issue. He would quote Scripture wholly foreign to the subject, so as to take up his time hunting it up. But when he found he

was too old to be caught with such chaff, his next resort was to keep him as long as possible on a single passage, so as to get in the allotted time with as little testimony being brought to the front as possible. He quoted numerous passages of Scripture which had no more to do with the subject under discussion than they had with the moon, designed to take up his time looking them up. I will give one example of which he made numerous such quotations. He quoted Job 22:22, to prove that Job kept the Sabbath. He said the Gentiles had the law and kept the Sabbath, and quoted about 150 passages of Scripture, all of them as pertinent, or nearly so, as the one named.

This was accounted a grand victory for the truth, and a serious blow to the would-be Jews. He also debated with Elder Cudney, another Adventist, on the same question.

The only vacation my father took was in 1882, when he and the family went to Pennsylvania to visit relatives. They remained there about ten weeks. I find this account in his writings:

“ We left our Nebraska home on the forenoon of June 20, and took the Burlington & Missouri River line. From Chicago we came by the Erie to Elmira, and at 11 o'clock on the evening of the third day after leaving home, we alighted from a Northern Central train at the romantic, mountain-environed village Canton, the home of our childhood.

“ To-day I have wandered through the old churchyard, wept at the hallowed grave of my mother, and

read many a once familiar name upon the marble slabs that mark the grassy graves of the friends and schoolmates of former years. Yesterday I stood in the old church-house, where twenty years ago I rarely saw a strange face, and addressed an audience composed almost wholly of strangers. At the close of the services, perhaps a score of grey headed men and women pressed around me with hearty, tearful greetings, but to nearly all of the large audience I was simply a strange preacher from the far west. In many young faces I see traces of resemblance to old and once well-known families, but I do not expect recognition from any one who has not, like myself, seen at least two score years of life.

“ I gaze upon the hills that I so often climbed with the light feet of boyhood, follow again the windings of the bright little stream that goes murmuring to the Susquehanna, and search out each well remembered spot, each favorite nook and retreat of boyhood, but from these I turn to the strange faces around me, and feeling myself a stranger, I sigh for my prairie home, and the friends of later years. Here I confessed and obeyed the Lord, and here my labors in the gospel began.”

A long, active life of this kind must have its pleasant scenes as well as those of sorrow. I find but few of them recorded in his writings, aside from the ever-present happiness of his bringing souls to Christ. As a token of their appreciation of his work, and of the estimation in which he and his wife were held by

the citizens of Tecumseh, they presented them, on their twenty-fifth anniversary, with a beautiful silver set. Some of the more thoughtful, knowing the needs of a preacher, brought money to the amount of \$80. This occasion was always remembered by him, and oftener referred to as one of the happy times in his life. I give his account of the affair, written for the press the next morning. It was headed "Mob Rule in Tecumseh," and will serve to show to my readers the pleasant mood in which the event placed him :

"It becomes my painful duty to record a flagrant infringement of individual rights, and constitutional guarantees, perpetrated by the usually quiet and order loving inhabitants of the little city where we have made our home for more than ten years. Myself and wife were the victims. On Friday—unlucky day—we were lured from our home to spend the afternoon with a pretended friend, who we afterwards found to be an arch traitor, and one of the leading spirits in the movement inaugurated against us. Returning home early in the evening we found our house in the possession of an excited mob ! Our kitchen was turned into a corner grocery, and an unsightly wood pile blocked up the way of retreat in the back yard. In response to our demand for an explanation, rolls of green paper were thrust upon us, embellished with pictures of 'De Soto discovering the Mississippi,' 'The Landing of Columbus,' and other absurd and irrelevant designs ! Just as though

fanciful representations of these historical events on green paper could justify this high-handed outrage! Just think of it! And this indignity was perpetrated both by members of the church and 'outsiders'—supposed friends, that we had known and loved for years! Are we to submit to such treatment in silence? Never, we l——forgive and bless them!"

Writing to the *Christian Pioneer*, published at Chillicothe, Mo., under date of January, 1866, he records an experience which comes in the life of many who labor for the Master. May it prove a source of joy to we who love to hear the Saviour's name confessed, and a warning to those who would defer the all-important step of their lives:

"A protracted meeting, 'a good meeting,' the brethren and sisters all said; and morning and evening we met to mingle our voices in songs of praise, to bow in soul-felt prayer, to talk of the goodness of God and the joys of Heaven, and to invite sinners to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. Sinners crowded to the standard of our King, and daily the oak-crowned hills that bordered the winding stream, echoed back the songs of praise that floated upward from the bosom of the water, in which we buried our friends with tears of joy, and received them again to walk with us in the newness of life.

"But I need not describe *a good meeting* to our brethren and sisters. Bless the Lord, O, my soul, and let all that is within me praise Him, that I was ever counted worthy to share the Heavenly joys of so

many 'good meetings.' But this meeting, like all others on earth, drew towards a close (we shall soon have one that never will end), and many that were deeply impressed, and fully convinced of their danger and their duty, still stood aloof and hesitated to acknowledge the Saviour. Among these I noticed a young lady whose intelligent countenance bore traces of deep mental anxiety; and often she essayed to come forward, but as often hesitated, stopped, and sank upon her seat, covering her tearful face with her hands.

"The last invitation hymn was being sung, and, with anxiety that cannot be expressed in any of earth's languages, I gazed upon the moved congregation. My heart gave a mighty throb of joy as the young lady in question came boldly forward, confessed the Saviour in tones audible to all in the house. An hour later I led her down into the shining waters while the congregation sang:

'How happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,'

and as we came up out of the water she turned her happy face to mine and said, 'I am so glad I have obeyed the Saviour, and perhaps it was my last opportunity; before another meeting I may be numbered with the dead.' Were her words prophetic? They had almost faded from memory's tablets when I revisited the place. It *was* her last opportunity! the sound of an invitation hymn never again fell upon her ear, and in three weeks from the day of her obe-

dience, they bore her body to the silent city of the dead, and I trust the angels escorted her freed spirit to realms of endless day. And now I never stand before an audience and make my last appeal without thinking that it may be the last opportunity to some who are saying, 'Go thy way for this time, when I have a more convenient season' I will obey the Saviour. God says, 'Now is the accepted time,' and let all the heralds that stand upon the walls of Zion cry mightily, Now, Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation."

And now we turn from these scenes of joy and sorrow, victory and disappointment, peace and prosperity, with the gospel of Jesus Christ triumphant in our state; from the man of strong body and mind who did so much to bring into the church the 16,000 souls in Nebraska, to R. C. Barrow in his decline and last days, to the stealthy approach of death; to the weakened body; to his last hours upon earth; to hear the angels singing a glad song over the return of a poor wanderer to his eternal reward.

PART III.

LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

My father's illness did not begin in a day. For many years before his death he was a constant sufferer. The seeds of death were sown long before he experienced any great pain. They were sown in long rides over the prairies on horseback and in open vehicles, before the advent of the railroads, through blinding snow, chilly winds, descending rains, and burning suns; by his utter disregard for himself when a duty was to be performed for the Master. The icy breath of winter's wind, laden with sleet and snow, could not turn him from his course; nor could burning sun or pouring rain keep him from his appointments. He was always there, no matter what the weather.

While holding a meeting in the western part of the state some two years before his death, as he sat in the house talking to the members of the family, the room suddenly became darkened to him. His eyes were open, but he was unable to see. He asked that the door be opened, and upon his request being complied with, he realized too truly that he was blind. The spell only lasted for a few moments, yet it foretold of the dreadful disease which was slowly, yet neverthe-

less silently and surely, closing its deadly grip upon his life.

Yet when time for service came he was in the pulpit, and continued the meeting to its close. Yet I could see by his actions when at home that he was not the man of a few years before. He would come home from a month's meeting, tired, worn and weary. We would persuade him to stay at home for a week or two and rest, and sometimes would gain his consent, but after he had been in the house a while and read his letters, he was sure to make up his mind to leave the next day. Some brother or sister would write about the church, how they needed him, and how the cause could be helped by his coming at once. This always settled the matter. What if the body was full of pain? What if the tired feet were weary and needed rest? What if the eyes were heavy and swollen from constant use? Did not the Master call? And to-morrow would come, and with it would go our father, to be absent from his family for another month. His only rest was when at work. His life and soul were wrapped up in it, and to be home idle when the Master called made him uneasy. This is the cause of his early taking off.

It was while helping Bro. Winters at a meeting at Red Cloud that the first of his last illness was noticeable. He had about half finished the sermon when he was seized with another spell of blindness. A dizzy sensation crept over him and he felt unable to stand. He asked the brethren to place a chair

near him, as he could not keep on his feet. Willing hands soon seated him on a chair on the platform, when he said: "Brethren, I fear that this will be the last sermon I shall ever preach. Once before I experienced something like this, only in less degree. May the blessed Lord preserve and keep you together, that we may meet again around the throne of God at the last great day." Bro. Winters finished the sermon, my father closed with an earnest exhortation, and two responded.

There was scarcely a person in the house who did not shed tears of sorrow and sympathy for him. Sad were the hearts of the brethren that night. *His* heart was sad, but not because of himself. He thought the time had come when he could do no more for his Master. *He* was sad because he saw a greater work than ever to accomplish, and his life going out before he could do it.

I shall never forget the day he came home from that meeting. Pale and careworn, with a rather dull expression in his eyes, I could see that something out of the usual line had transpired, and his face caused me to anticipate what had happened. After telling us about it his only comment was: "It spoiled the meeting." No thought of self; no consideration for his physical sufferings—only of the children of men away from the fold of Christ.

He never sufficiently recovered from this attack to hold another meeting. Several times he improved, and made up his mind to do so, but when the time

came he was still weak and unable to go. He preached two sermons at Bethany, but was very weak and hardly able to stand.

From this time on he grew worse. The dread disease, dropsy, settled in his limbs until they swelled to twice their natural size. He resolved to go to the mineral springs at Burlington Junction, Mo., which he did. For a while here he was very bad, suffering intense pain. He gave up all hope of ever getting well. My mother went to him there and remained with him constantly during his stay at that place. His eldest son, Merris, came from Wyoming to see him and found him very low, with scarcely any hope of recovery. My father was considerably cheered by this visit. Merris encouraged him and talked to him until he grew more hopeful, and from this on he began to improve. I shall always remember the day I met him at the springs. The baths had reduced the swelling in his limbs, and their severity had left him weakened and feeble. I came in late one afternoon, and found him in bed, with mother by his side. He was suffering severe agony from his teeth, and with such pain in his stomach as to literally double him up. He had not slept for two days and nights. The doctor applied a battery to him, but with no relief. As a last resort he gave him something to cause sleep, and in a little while he was sleeping soundly.

He was better the next day and began to improve rapidly. Several times he ventured to walk out with me and once to play croquet with the doctor and myself.

The swelling in his limbs all gone, and almost free from pain, he left the springs and came home, feeling that in a few weeks he would be able to commence work again. But alas for frail humanity! The twenty-third annual state meeting was held at Bethany shortly after, and he not only went once and read his report, but despite his weak condition, attended every day session of the convention. This exertion proved too much for him, and he began to experience severe pain again. He thought a change of air would be beneficial to him. He and mother then went to Wyoming, and visited their son Merris for some time.

He received much benefit from this trip, and I think if he had taken better care of himself he might have lived to enjoy life for some time. His was not an idle nature. When he was at home he must be doing something. Returning from Wyoming, he found the weeds had grown up around the house, and he must mow them. Some trees had died, and he must needs plant others in their places, and so on. He worked at home and did not take proper rest, which soon placed him in a condition where he could not work.

Then came a long spell of sickness, in which he suffered terribly. The dropsy came back and in a new and worse form. At times it was difficult for him to breathe, and it became necessary for some one to fan him vigorously in order to let him breathe more easily.

He was not without assistance or sympathy.

Every day many kind friends would come to see if they could be of service, bringing delicacies of which he dared not taste. Brother and Sister Dillon had rooms across the street, and they were in every day doing much to cheer our father, and assist in his comfort. Brethren Dungan, Aylsworth, and others, were frequent visitors, who, by their tender Christian sympathy, made the world seem brighter, the suffering less severe, and added much to his peace of mind.

While sitting at his side, he would often relate to me tales of his boyhood and of his hard experiences in life. His greatest desire was that I should secure a college education, so that I should be able to meet life under more favorable circumstances, and often said if that were completed he would not have much more to live for. Many were the lessons he taught me, which, with God's help, I have tried to profit by.

Well I remember the Thursday before he died. The bright sun shone in the window at his side, a flock of birds were hopping about on the ground outside, and the earth looked beautiful. "The world looks so beautiful this morning," he said, "but it does not seem as though I belong to it. It seems like I am in a new world. It never looked so beautiful to me before. Yet I know that I have only a few days to stay in it." His voice seemed full of sadness. He had never thought of the beauty of the world during his busy life—only of his work—and now that he was about to leave it, it shone its brightest.

Yet through all of his illness, amid all the suffer-

ing and agony of his last days, never a word of complaint passed his lips. "The Lord has created me, let Him work His pleasure in me," was often said. He had no regrets other than for his family and friends—he was ready. No one who watched over such a life, saw its changes come and go, felt sorrow for his agony, sympathy for his suffering, could ever doubt the truth of Christianity. Through all his illness he showed the spirit of the great Master whom he loved. If Christianity had no more in it than to give me that patience in suffering, peace of mind, and hope of future reward for suffering here, which he experienced, it would be worth the living.

On Thursday evening a few of the brethren met at the house to break bread—fearing that the time would soon come when he could not partake of those emblems. My father lying upon a couch, mother and I sitting by his side, and the brethren seated around us, they sang:

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word.
What more can He say than to you He has said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As your days may demand so your succor shall be."

He was a monument to that firm foundation. He could realize the truth of that song, and in him was living proof as to its correctness. He had long been

on that firm foundation and had sought refuge at the feet of Jesus. He knew the Lord had been with him in all his works, and that He was now with him to be his comforter.

Bro. Aylsworth offered a prayer, after which the communion was partaken of. Then they sang:

“My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine.”

He tried faintly to join in this song, only uttering the words in a whisper. No one ever had a better right to sing this blessed hymn. His faith in the Lamb of Cavalry had supported him in every trial, and now that he was about to lay down his life, his faith caused him to cling more and more to the Saviour.

A short prayer asking God's blessing closed the sad scene, and after comforting words from the brethren, the company departed.

My father seemed to be greatly strengthened by this meeting, and he said after they had gone that he could more easily bear the pain now than before.

On Friday he had to have assistance in dressing, and I could see that he was slowly weakening. He did not talk much, only about how his affairs should be arranged after his death. In the evening he said: “I am not sure that I shall live till morning.” His breath was coming short, and with great difficulty. Yet he slept a very little that night.

He did not sit at table with us next morning

—the first time he had missed during his illness—but lay on his couch. He rested comparatively easy until about 4 o'clock, when he had a bad spell. He could scarcely get his breath. As this came on him, I was sitting by his side, fanning him, while my poor mother, who had not slept at all the night before, was seated in a chair trying to rest. She and I worked with father until about 7 o'clock, when Sister Dillon and others came in. A physician was sent for, who, when he came, told us he could live but a few hours.

At twenty minutes of 8 his pain seemed to leave him, and he sat up and smiled at us all. Then one by one he bade us good-bye, with tears in his eyes. His countenance, which had been so contorted with pain, looked as though he was not suffering. As the last one was bade good-bye, he took a violent fit of coughing and between his coughs he said "good-bye." I sat beside him, supporting him with my arms as he coughed. "Good-bye," came from his dear lips, when his head fell upon my shoulder, the eyes gently closed, the hands fell at his side, and the great soul took its flight—leaving but the poor clay in my embrace. His great heart, which had beaten so long in sympathy for the followers of the Master, had ceased to beat. The lips that had spoken words of life and encouragement to many hearts were forever stilled.

I do not remember exactly what followed. I could not realize that he was dead. It was only in the last

few years of his life that I had been at home to see him and appreciate his worth. Every disappointment I had caused him in my youth, every annoyance came to my mind with startling force. But as I looked upon the silent form I realized that no more reparation could be made. In his long sickness I had been with him so much I could not think of giving him up. I refused to let any one except my cousin, Charles Finch, watch over his body with me until it should reach its last resting place. My mother, worn out with a year of sleepless nights in the care of him, went to a neighbor's to try and gain a little rest, for the trial that was to come.

Several times that night I reverently approached the bier and gazed upon my father. His face, that was wont to be contorted with pain, now looked as peaceful as though he were asleep. Too true! But asleep in Jesus. Free from all the pain of this life, away from sorrow, he was at rest.

In the beautiful cemetery at Tecumseh, on a hill overlooking the place where he had so long lived, we laid our father, to wait the great day of the Lord. And as I look to-day upon that silent grave, and think of all the hours of suffering and agony he endured, I shed tears—not of regret—but of joy, that our father, who lived so long to bear the pain and suffering, is now released from it, and mingles with the faithful who sit at the mercy seat of God, singing praises to His name. And as the earth hides from view all that remains upon earth of my father

—leaving the poor, lifeless form in darkness and solitude to return to the dust from whence it came—visions of a dark river rise before me, whose further bank is brilliant with the light of the eternal city, and I hear the voice of the Master saying: “Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

And may we learn a lesson from his character, that if we would enjoy life, if we, who look forward to the hour of death with fear and trembling, will do as he did—give our lives to the true service of Jesus Christ—we learn to look upon death as but a release from the cares of this world and a going into that eternal abode where God and the angels bid the faithful welcome.

May God help us so to live that, when we die, it shall be said of us, as it was of him: “A man of God has gone to his rest.”

“Fallen—on Zion’s battle-field,
A soldier of renown,
Armed in the panoply of God,
In conflict cloven down!
His helmet on, his armor bright,
His cheek unblanched with fear—
While round his head there gleamed a light,
His dying hour to cheer.

“Fallen—while cheering with his voice
The sacramental host,
With banners floating in the air—
Death found him at his post.
In life’s high prime the warfare closed,
But not ingloriously;
He fell beyond the outer wall,
And shouted, Victory!

“Fallen—a holy man of God,
An Israelite indeed,
A standard-bearer of the cross,
Mighty in word and deed—
A master-spirit of the age,
A bright and burning light,
Whose beams across the firmament
Scattered the clouds of night.

“Fallen—as sets the sun at eve,
To rise in splendor, where
His kindred luminaries shine,
Their heaven of bliss to share.
Beyond the stormy battle-field
He reigns in triumph now,
Sweeping a harp of wondrous song,
With glory on his brow!”

PART IV.

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT LINCOLN.

At the memorial services held in the Central Christian church, Lincoln, Nebraska, the following letters were read :

I wish to add my mite to the reminiscences of Bro. Barrow. In the midwinter of 1881-2, when the thermometer registered 24 below zero, Bro. Barrow came into my hotel for dinner. I offered to assist him in unwrapping, but he said he could not take off his overcoat, as he had no other on. He said the man who brought him to the depot was so poorly clad that he gave him his coat to keep the poor man from freezing. May we all be as faithful as our departed brother.

W. W. FOSTER.

Eskridge, Kan.

I have learned of the death of dear Bro. Barrow with profound regret. I condole with the brethren and family most sincerely on the sad event, and if sympathy of friends can be of any consolation under the trying circumstances, be assured that all who knew him share in your sorrow for his loss. Bro. Barrow immersed me twenty years ago. I worked with him

for years in meetings, and know his true worth. There is, however, a higher source of consolation than earthly friendship, and commending you to that, I remain your brother in Christ,

Silverton, Ore.

F. O. McCAULEY.

I see you will hold memorial services in honor of dear Bro. Barrow. When you speak, say to the friends that I, who knew him so long, so intimately, so truly, join them in spirit, if I cannot in person, on that occasion, and in all that will be said. Gladly would I add my humble tribute to the memory of a name long so dear, a life so heroic in burden-bearing, whose soul was chastened by sorrow, and whose heart was full of forbearance and love. Few men knew him better than I, and of him I would freely say, I never personally knew a preacher who suffered more for the cause of Christ, and who loved it better, than Bro. Barrow. No man can fill his place, for he left none to fill. God sent him to Nebraska to do a special work. He did that work, and it was well done, as you and I well know. Then the Father took him home. I rejoice that He did, for it is better to be with Christ when the battle is fought and the victory won, than here in the body. When the evening of the 11th comes, I will join with you in this city, in tenderly remembering our dear co-laborer, whose life to us was a sacred heritage, whose works are our rich legacy, and pray that when you and I have finished

our course, we may meet again on the banks of the River of Life, and know and love and live forever together.

N. B. ALLEY.

Eugene, Ore.

I first met Bro. R. C. Barrow at Rock Bluffs, Nebr., in November, 1865, just after my return home from the war. The day I saw him first he baptized ten persons. After that day I met Bro. Barrow many times, and heard him preach. I had organized the congregation at Rock Bluffs, in 1862, and had preached for a year. After that Brethren Dungan, Vogle, and others preached there. Bro. Barrow held a number of successful protracted meetings for the church there. The town has gone down, and the congregation has ceased to meet, but the work done there still goes on. Many who were converted there, like Bro. Barrow, have gone home, others have scattered over Nebraska and become the nucleus of other churches. The last time I met our dear departed brother was at Greenwood in 1880, when I was pastor of the church there. The last letter I received from him was dated June 20, 1890, requesting me to ordain his son Frank to the ministry while he was in Keokuk. I have known much of Bro. Barrow's work, and the sacrifices he made while "contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints," and I can say that he was one of the most *devoted* and *God-fearing* men I ever met. I believe that the work he did for the Master in the last thirty years

is unsurpassed by any other man among the Disciples. Dear brother, thou hast gone to thy reward, and we hope to meet beyond the storms and trials of this life, in the Heaven of eternal rest, where God shall wipe every tear from our eyes.

Keokuk, Ia.

JAMES CONNORAN.

If to "live in the hearts we leave behind" is a mark of greatness, then R. C. Barrow was truly a great man. Not as a mighty warrior, and yet he was a valiant soldier. Not as a mighty orator, and yet he was an orator of no mean ability. Not as a statesman, and yet his statesmanship was broader than earth itself. Not as a financier, and yet his bank account was beyond the reach of moth and rust. For twelve years I was intimately acquainted with our deceased brother, and I found him great in unselfishness, in Godliness, in loving kindness. I have known few indeed who loved their brethren so much as Bro. Barrow, and yet he loved his God and Saviour more. He believed the "gospel of Christ was the power of God unto salvation," and he preached it as though he believed it. He had no confidence in the wishy-washy sentimentalism of the day so much relied upon by modern evangelists. He believed that if people were converted by the gospel instead of by and to men, there would not be so many apostasies. In this he was an example we younger preachers may well follow. But our dear brother is gone from earth's fellowship, into the presence of the Infinite Father.

As the tried and true, though tired, frame finds repose in death, the spirit, sanctified through earth's afflictions, goes to God who gave it. Could we call him back, unless we could rehabilitate him with new physical powers, we would not do it. Sleep, brother, and enjoy thy well-earned rest. You have exchanged suffering for rest.

“Out of darkness into sunshine.

Out of sorrow into bliss.

Out of prison into freedom.

Into Heaven life, out of this.”

Pleasantville, Ia.

J. H. STARK.

Though far away on this Pacific shore, tidings from the sick chamber have been constantly waited for with profound interest. At last the weary sufferer is at rest. I have lost a friend. Who will call me “beloved Brother Johnson” now? For nearly a quarter of a century was I associated with Bro. Barrow in the work of the ministry. At the first R. C. Barrow, D. R. Dungan, and myself were the only Christian preachers in Nebraska devoting ourselves exclusively to the ministry. Now the grand old warrior who has done so much for our cause in that state has fallen, but he has fallen like the hero that he was, with his armor on and his face turned toward the foes of truth and right. In the old days he frequently drove across the prairies to Unadilla, enduring the summer's heat or facing the winter's storm, and leaving the ponies in my care he would

take the train to some far away appointment. In later years he often alluded tenderly to his wife, sometimes using such words as "Mrs. Barrow is fading, but I do not forget in whose service she is fading." Sometimes, alluding to coming age or death, the tear drops would fall like rain at a word concerning lack of provisions for the self-sacrificing wife. Knowing his feelings in regard to this matter, the writer introduced into the state convention a resolution to continue his pay in sickness or health until his death. And the resolution was unanimously adopted by the generous brethren of Nebraska. Now his worn out body slumbers beneath the sod at Tecumseh. That grave may be deluged by summer's rain, swept by autumnal winds, or covered by winter's snow. He heeds it not. He is not there. His deathless spirit is in the kingdom of God. Let us think of him as in a better land.

Salem, Ore.

J. B. JOHNSON.

I want to repeat now what I said at the state meeting at Dorchester in 1880, when the outlook for the work in Nebraska was so gloomy, and, at Lincoln in particular, so discouraging. After the reading of Bro. Barrow's report, seeing that it was about to be passed upon without comment, I remarked publicly that few present could appreciate the personal devotion and labor expended to make such a report possible; that only after years had passed and the time had revealed the fruit of seed sown by Bro. Barrow, could

we realize what a work he was doing. We were then comparatively strangers to each other personally, but I remember the tears which bedewed his face as he took my hand and thanked me for what I had said. You know the protracted meetings he helped us in during the stormy February and March of 1881, at Lincoln. It was against a strong opposition that I employed him, as you know. I refer to this because of two things: First, he had told me some months before, "Bro. Schwartz, I can give you no encouragement in your Lincoln work. Abler men than you have tried it and failed." During that meeting his faith in the work at Lincoln was restored, and when *some of his warmest personal friends* took occasion to show their chagrin at the success of the meeting, he said, "Bro. Schwartz, I am sad to know that some whom I love should so far forget the words of the Master as to manifest such a spirit." He was frank, even at times to bluntness, but he had a noble heart, and his personal likes and dislikes, so far as I know, never obtruded themselves upon the interests of the church.

R. W. E. SCHWARTZ.

New Orleans, La.

I see you are to have a memorial service in Lincoln in honor of R. C. Barrow, lately deceased. I am unwilling to allow the event to pass without a tribute from the General Christian Missionary Convention, so far as I may be regarded as a paper representative, of its interest in the occasion and its appre-

ciation of the valuable services of one of our most efficient missionaries. R. C. Barrow was first employed by our Board in 1866, and continued more or less in our service until near the close of 1887. In his first annual report in 1867 he says: "I have traveled during the year about 2,500 miles on horseback, visited several hundred families, giving religious instruction, preached 217 discourses, gained 178 additions, organized three new congregations, and assisted in the organization of several Sunday schools. One good house of worship has been erected at London, and we have made arrangements to build at Tecumseh. Houses will be erected at several places during the coming year." At the close of the second year he reports about the same results, and adds: "Upon the whole, we have reason to thank God and take courage. When Bro. Dungan and I began our labors here, three or four years ago, there was not over three or four hundred Disciples in the territory. Now we have twenty-two congregations, and over 2,000 members, with public sentiment decidedly in our favor." For the next year, 1869, he reports about the same results, and says: "The cause is prosperous throughout the state. Two fine churches have been opened during the year. Another in process of construction at Tecumseh, and arrangements are being made for another at Lincoln, the capital of the state." The next year his report is almost a duplicate of those of the past years. Bro. Dungan was associated with him in all this work. The number of churches in 1871

had increased to thirty-five. During the next ten years the General Board was experimenting under what was called the Louisville plan, and aside from stimulating the states to greater efficiency in organized methods, did little in the direct support of home missionary work. Hence Nebraska was left with all the rest of the new west, to struggle alone against mighty odds in sectarian ranks, and that, too, at a time when one dollar would have accomplished more than ten dollars will to-day. In 1878 Bro. Barrow was again employed by the Board, and continued his services until 1887. In his last report he says: "During the year I have preached 340 sermons, organized two churches, dedicated one house, ordained one preacher, assisted in locating five pastors, baptized 102 persons, received 87 accessions otherwise, assisted 26 churches by visits and meetings, held 27 conferences with church officers, and raised \$1,200 for local work. The General Board enabled us, in the beginning, to plant the first churches in the territory, and in later years to reach into the new fields, constantly opening up on our western border. Our connection with the General Society has been a golden link to bind us to the great brotherhood east of the Missouri river, and warm prayerful hearts and open purses have helped us in our labors, until we have become a great people in our own state—numbering not less than 12,000 souls. We have about 150 congregations, 85 preachers, 85 houses of worship, aggregating in value about \$169,000, and yet a large portion of our state is still mis-

sionary ground, and it remains for us to push our conquest westward to the Colorado border, with the advancing tide of emigration." You will see that the biography of R. C. Barrow for the past thirty years is also the cause of primitive Christianity, as plead by the Disciples of Christ in Nebraska. We sometimes say statistics are dry and uninteresting to the average reader. Yet there are many who know the labor, and struggle, and trial, and sacrifice which make a good statistical showing possible, and there are many whose experience in the field, and especially in a pioneer field, who can clothe the dry bones of statistics with a vitality that makes them speak most eloquently of the character, and spirit, and consecration, and perseverance, and endurance of such heroic missionaries as Bro. R. C. Barrow proved himself to be. He was a man of strong faith—faith in possibilities, faith in the gospel as the power of God, faith in God—"above all, in all, and through all." He preached the Word because he believed it "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction and instruction in righteousness." He "shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God." It was not to him a question whether men would be pleased or displeased with the Word of God. He sought not the honors which came from men, "but the honor that cometh from God only." I had but a slight formal acquaintance with Bro. Barrow. I have no way of judging the man except by the fruits of his earnest life for the Master, and judging from this, I can only

say of him as Luke says of Barnabas, "He was a good man, full of the Holy Spirit and faith." From the human standpoint, we say his place cannot be filled. From a divine standpoint, his place need not be filled. He served his generation. He did a work which no other could have done so well in his day. Stephen served his time, and was the kind needed for the first martyr, but God soon called the very man who consented to his death into a larger work which Stephen could not have done so well as Saul of Tarsus. Jesus Christ is with His church, and He will see that the work of the church goes on, no matter how many fall, nobly or ignobly, by the way. We make lamentation over this new-made grave, but not long, for our sorrow soon turns to joy in the thought that another fellow-traveler has struggled safely through this world of labor, and tears, and trials, and pain, and sin, and temptation, up and on to the light of God where all tears are forever wiped from their eyes. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. * * * They rest from their labors and their works follow with them." Paul says of Abel that "he being dead, yet speaketh." So may we say of Bro. Barrow, that his works follow with him—not only what he wrought out for the Master with his own hands, but also the indirect results of his labors, multiplying themselves over and over again through all the ages to come. "Though dead, he speaketh" by the converts he won to Christ, by the children and children's children of these con-

verts, by the words spoken by him which still ring in unconverted ears, and may yet bring them to the cross, by the influence of a holy and consecrated life, by the influence which he set in motion, like the tiny wavelet which widens and widens till it reaches the further shore, by the counsels for good at the fireside, and for peace and activity in the church, by the voices of men who have been called by him into the ministry, and by the memory of those who have been comforted by his tender sympathy in hours of sickness and sorrow. The Lord make his life a legacy to the church, richer far than gold or silver.

R. MOFFETT,
Cor. Sec. G. C. M. C.

Cleveland, O.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF R. C. BARROW.

URSULA WILES ERRETT.

“The parted spirit,
Knoweth it not our sorrow? Answereth not
Its blessings to our tears?”

Tired hands from labors borne,
Lie still on a pulseless breast?
Feet all weary and travel-worn,
That fain would have served Him, ah, many a morn,
Lie still in their last long rest.
One never weary in serving the Lord,
One always ready to go at His word,
Has gone with the ransomed to claim his reward,
And live ever more with the blest.
That one so beloved, so dear to us all,
Whose voice seems to echo, even now in this hall
Will ne'er greet us more on this earth.
Even now he seems singing in tones sweet and low,
“I am thinking of home, I am homesick now,
And my spirit doth long to be
In that far better land, where the saints ever sing
Of the love of Christ—the Redeemer and King,
And of mercies so costly and free.”
Ah! who of his brethren have not heard this song
Come from his lips and his soul, as along
The rough pathway of life he has trod,
Toiling and praying to lead men to God?
Have you heard it, dear brother? Dear sister, have you?
Can you hear the sweet story as he told it to you?
Of the babe in the manger—the Risen Lord,
And led you to strive to reap the reward
That comes to the faithful—yes, comes afterwhile.
Sweet fragrance, like that from a dropping rose;
Sweet music, like which no earthly choir knows;

Flows forth from this life—flows forth at its fall
Before the rude blow that must come to us all.
Oh, bright ray of hope, as it breaks through the cloud,
And speaks loving cheer in spite of the shroud,
And the pall and the bier
Through great tribulation you may come as did I,
And share in the joys of the God, the Most High.
The voice of our brother through ages shall ring,
And thousands of souls through his influence shall sing
Glad songs of redemption with him and the King.
Take heed how you sow! As you sow shall you reap.
Oh what a joy—a real joy, while we weep,
To know that our brother is only asleep—
To know that the victory is his, and not death's—
That his harvest is happiness, heaven, and rest.

PART V.

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT TECUMSEH.

It is thought best to give an account of the memorial services held in the Christian church at Tecumseh, this being Bro. Barrow's home for so many years. Sister Frownfelter, to whom we are indebted for this report, was chosen by the church to make a record of this service. Following is the report :

There is one peculiarity of this service that speaks well for our dead, and that is, that almost every congregation felt that, for some particular reason, it was more fitting that *it* should keep this service than any other congregation. We in Tecumseh, felt that *we* should, of all others, hold a service in memory of our more than brother. And while we had no set program, we had several papers, a number of extemporaneous speeches, and old songs that Bro. Barrow loved in the first days of his work in Nebraska.

Bro. J. A. Dillon was chosen chairman, and gave a very interesting talk in regard to the steadfastness of Bro. Barrow's character, his nobility of mind, and that from his earliest acquaintance with him, he had the respect and esteem of the whole community. He said at one time, while Bro. Barrow's home was still

in Brownville, that on one of his visits here, one of the merchants wished to send a large sum of money by him to the bank at Brownville, saying to him as he handed him the money: "Elder, it is not your Christianity that makes me trust you, but your honesty." Bro. Barrow said: "Sir, you are mistaken. It is my Christianity that makes me honest." And this may have given rise to his preaching one of the best practical sermons it is said that he ever preached. Taking for his subject the old saying: "Honesty is the best policy," he scored the *policy* part in just such a way as he alone was capable of doing.

Bro. Phillips spoke of his just dealings with them in times when crops were bad, that he asked no rent for his land. At times when he hired workmen at their own price, he would think that he was not paying enough, and would pay them more than they asked. If a man who owed him became so poor that he could not pay that which he owed, he forgave the debt. And these dealings that he began in the first days of his ministry, when with the most rigid economy it was a hard struggle for he and his faithful wife to care for their little family, were continued through life.

Bro. Robins testified to the fact that Bro. Barrow was the first one he ever heard preach the gospel of Jesus Christ in its simplicity. That he, as well as others, had been taught by him to rightly divide the word of truth, and to look for natural instead of supernatural effects to come from the Living Word.

Sister Mary Bivens, one of the oldest members of our congregation, told us that when Bro. Barrow came first to Tecumseh to preach he could find no place to hold meetings. They then lived on the west side of what is now our beautiful court house square in a little log cabin. They had just built a kitchen. Bro. Barrow and Bro. Douglas came to ask permission to hold a few days' meeting in the kitchen. This she granted, and some time in June, 1865, the first gospel sermons were given to Tecumseh people in this little log house. Shortly after this a school house was built north of what is now the Chicago lumber yard, and there the meetings were held afterwards. Sister Bivens was the first one in Tecumseh who obeyed the gospel and was buried in baptism by Bro. Barrow. With her family, under their clap-board roof was his home, and he ate at their table until a number more were added to the faithful band, who were glad to have his Christian companionship in their homes. He taught her little boy to sing that beautiful song, of which he may know the meaning now, "What Must it Be to be There." This was sung some time after at the same child's funeral. The congregation was organized by Bro. Barrow some time in the year 1866.

Sister McKee, a Presbyterian lady, said that in 1865 she came to Tecumseh. Being hungry for Christian company she heard of this little meeting in the log cabin, and went. There she met Bro. and Sister Barrow, and had ever since been bound to them

and our little congregation by the cords of Christian love. She testified to his purity of life, and said that in all of her work as chairman of the temperance work in Tecumseh, that he was her most valued advisor; that in questions of great importance she had waited days at a time for his return, that she might have his advice. And we all who have worked for whisky-trodden Tecumseh know that some of the greatest victories that the cause ever gained were achieved by following his wise counsel.

Bro. Bennett spoke of his quiet Christian example, and reminded us that though dead, Bro. Barrow still lived in his works. That he had only pushed aside the vail and stood on the other side.

Sister Dillon told us of the peaceful going out of this blessed life, of the purifying influence of his last days upon earth upon those who surrounded his dying bed, and of his especial care of and prayer for those of his household who were unconverted.

Bro. George Harmon said: "I knew Bro. Barrow when he first came to Missouri over a quarter of a century ago. His first preaching was done in my home. He was always a grand, good man, and I wonder that he and Bro. Dungan didn't convert the world, they were such a power together."

For my own part, the last days with Bro. Barrow were the best days. In all his intense agony he was so far above and beyond us. His words seemed to come from the other side of the river, so full of faith and trust were they. He had always been a trusty

adviser, and whether spoken or silent, when we went to him he was always found on the right side, and his wise counsel, if always heeded, would have saved many a heart-ache. To know Bro. Barrow in his home was to love him, and best of all he never wearied in well doing—showing us to the last that it is worth while to work a lifetime in the Master's vineyard. For

“ He was ready for the Bridegroom,
 When he comes, when he comes.
 He knew he was coming,
 He longed for his coming
 And was robed and ready
 When the Bridegroom came.

“ May we all be as ready
 When he comes, when he comes.
 Our lamps all trimmed and burning,
 When he comes, when he comes.
 May all go out to meet him,
 May all go out to greet him,
 All robed and ready
 When the Bridegroom comes.”

Bro. C. P. Evans, who came here in 1854, kindly furnished the following account of the earlier struggle for the Master in Nebraska, which will be read with interest:

My first acquaintance with Nebraska work was in the winter of 1854-5. Omaha was then a small village, with one brick house, a few frame buildings, and some sod houses.

The first territorial legislature was held that winter in Omaha. Two of our brethren, Joel M. Wood and Richard Brown, represented Nemaha county, one in the house, the other in the council, as it was then called. Bro. Wood was a preacher of good ability, and did some preaching there during his stay in the legislature. He had also preached in Brownville, Nemaha county. I think he was the first of our brethren to preach in Omaha, and to the best of my knowledge, was the last till 1861. In that year a co-operation was formed embracing a few counties in western Iowa and a few in eastern Nebraska. D. R. Dungan, Wm. A. Denton, and C. P. Evans labored in that co-operation, each having the promise of \$200 a year as a compensation. One, at least, of these laborers can testify that he fell far short of the promised amount. This work was carried as far west as Fontanelle, a village in Washington county, near to the Elkhorn river, north to De Soto, in the same county, south to Bellevue, in Sarpy county, and in Douglas county. Your humble servant remembers well his first effort in Omaha. He obtained the privilege of using the basement of the old Congregational church, the owners, to all appearance on their part, acting as though they thought they were doing a handsome thing in allowing us to use this dingy room.

Bro. Platt Saunders and Bro. Milan Hunt, with their excellent wives, were living in Omaha at that time. During the same year, through the influence of Bro.

Alvin Saunders, then governor of the territory, we obtained the use of an unfurnished business room on Douglas street, in which we held a short meeting. Our work extended west through Douglas county into the neighborhood of a town plat called Chicago, near to the Elkhorn river, in which neighborhood some good work was done. In this community, a man, whose name I cannot now recall, was greatly afflicted with rheumatism in the back, obliging him to kneel to chop his wood. This man heard the truth, believed and was baptized in the winter season, when a large amount of ice was in the river, and never afterward had to kneel to chop his wood. This he told me himself. At one time while traveling in this co-operation, I was advertised to preach in a school house in Sarpy county. The meeting was at candle-lighting—lamps were not in use there in that early day—and on reaching the school house, but one short piece of candle could be found, and no candlestick. How to utilize this to the best advantage was now the question of the hour. As the weather was pleasant, a happy thought occurred to some one as follows: Drop a few drops of that tallow on the stove, set the candle on it, and let it harden, and thus make it stand. This was the only light in the room. It burned out before I was through and I had to finish my discourse in the dark. During the year I was stopping a few days in De Soto with Bro. Israel Swihart, who at that time was practicing medicine, but who did considerable preaching.

Bro. Swihart said to me one day, "I am going out about a mile to see a sick child, won't you go along?" I answered that I would. He said, "I must take a spoon along, for they have nothing there to take medicine out of." I took this as a joke, but sure enough, when he started, a spoon found its way into his pill pockets. When we reached the place he used his spoon in giving the sick child its medicine. The mother sat on a low chair, the only one to be seen. We sat on the door step. The child was lying on the floor, on a pallet made out of old clothes, folded up at one end, to serve as a pillow. I looked about for furniture, none was to be seen, no bed, bedding, nor clothes hanging on the wall, absolutely nothing to be seen but a stove, except what I have already mentioned. Talk about being poor, and then say, that beside such a scene as this, you know nothing of poverty.

In February, 1861, Bro. D. R. Dungan took unto himself a wife and concluded to become a citizen of Nebraska. He first located in De Soto, and from there went to Omaha. From Omaha he returned to Iowa, spending one year in Harrison and Mills counties, and then returned to Nebraska, locating at Plattsmouth. While at Plattsmouth he received an appointment from the General Missionary Board to do evangelistic work in Nebraska. From here he removed to Pawnee City, Neb., and afterward to Lincoln, where he remained until either 1874 or 1875, when he removed to Oskaloosa, Iowa. Of his grand

work in Nebraska as a co-laborer with Bro. Barrow, it is useless for me to speak, as many brethren know its history better than myself.

In May, 1860, I made my first visit to Platts-mouth, and held a meeting at the house of Bro. Isaac Wiles. Neither himself nor wife were then members of the church, but during the meeting Sister Wiles confessed her faith in the Son of God, and I baptized her in Four-Mile creek, west of Platts-mouth. I became the subject of quite a joke at that meeting, though at the expense of others. Bro. Todd, of sainted memory, lived in the community at that time. He and a Baptist brother named Gibbs agreed to conduct the introductory exercises on Lord's day morning, and as I was a stranger to nearly everybody present, and did not have the appearance of a preacher, the curious ones were wondering where the preacher was. In the audience was Capt. Archer and wife, not long from the east, where preachers *looked* like preachers. After meeting, the captain and wife went home with one of the brethren to dine. After being seated, he said: "Well, I never was so badly taken in as to-day," or language to that effect. "I was looking around to see the preacher, and when that little man got up I said to myself, 'Well, we'll hear nothing to-day.' I never was so badly fooled in my life." "Yes," said his wife, "and I said to myself, 'I wish I had staid at home.'" I always had the captain to hear me afterward. That was the beginning of a work that has produced grand results

in Cass county, the magnitude of which cannot be told in this life, and will only be fully realized in the world to come.

John Mullis was one of the early workers of southeastern Nebraska, and did excellent work, especially in Nemaha county at Brownville.

In September, 1863, in the company of Bro. John H. Parker, I visited Table Rock, in Pawnee county, and made a few discourses at the house of Bro. Lane, who then lived near to where the Methodist church now stands. During the same trip we held meetings in the school house not far from the Blacklaw mill east of Table Rock, and on the way visited Bro. O. J. Tinker, who lived near to where the town of Humboldt now stands. Little did I then think of the possibilities of the future of our work in Nebraska.

I now come to my acquaintance with Bro. R. C. Barrow. We met first in Sidney, Iowa, in 1864, more than twenty-eight years ago. If my recollection serves me correctly, he was then living at Oregon, Holt county, Missouri. He was passing through, and stopped and preached for us one night, and we all fell in love with him at once. I feel humbly proud in saying that my love and admiration for his Christian heroism grew stronger to the day of his death. Near this time I conducted a meeting for some days in the Missouri river bottom in Atchison county, Missouri, and being obliged to leave before the meeting should close, Bro. Barrow was sent for, and came, and carried the meeting through to a very

successful issue. I did not see much of him after that till six years ago, but through the medium of the press I followed him along with his work that he, as a missionary evangelist, carried forward so successfully in Nebraska.

Once after coming to Nebraska he went back to Missouri and preached for the congregation at Cameron, but soon returned to Nebraska and went to the work of an evangelist, the work that was always near and dear to his heart. His engagement with the G. C. M. C. began in the summer of 1865, and continued until the summer of 1887, when the N. C. M. C. cut loose from the general society, and from that time till his departure, the Nebraska society assumed the payment of his entire salary. In February, 1873, as well as I now recollect, almost eighteen years ago, I was called through Bro. Barrow's influence to hold a meeting in Nemaha county, in the neighborhood of the Bratton postoffice, where I met and made the acquaintance of Bro. Shurtliff, one of the early workers in this part of the state, who was an earnest Christian, and faithful laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. He, like many others, has passed over the dark river.

While I was in the meeting in the Bratton neighborhood Bro. Barrow passed through one day and stopped at Bro. Calvin Taylor's, but finding no one at home proceeded to feed his ponies and get dinner, leaving a note telling Bro. Taylor he had been there. For a time he lived in Nemaha City, but many years

ago he moved to Tecumseh, where he continued to reside till about a year before his death. In the last six years I have met him a number of times, and have always found him the same loving, gentle companion, deeply and earnestly devoted to his life-work, ever manifesting great anxiety for the welfare of the cause of humanity, the salvation of the world through the mediation of Jesus Christ our Lord. During the winter of 1887 and 1888 he had a very severe spell of sickness and his life was for a while despaired of, but he finally recovered, and he was able to continue his work until last winter, when he broke down in a grand meeting he was conducting in Red Cloud, Neb. From this break-down he never recovered, but suffered on until the 29th of November last, when the spirit refused to remain longer in the clay tenement, but went out, leaving only the casket to remind us of his long and useful life-work in the evangelical field in Nebraska. Farewell, dear brother, until we meet in the better land, in that glorious reunion of happy and redeemed spirits, a reunion that will never be broken up, no, *never*, NEVER, NEVER.

I shall always revere and love his memory, and say all honor to the remembrance of this heroic, Christian soldier. And may God's richest blessings remain with his dear companion, who stood by him so nobly all through his life-work. And may the example of his grand life have a happy and salutary effect on his children and bring them all to the haven of eternal repose, there to dwell with him in the joys of Heaven for ever and ever. Amen.

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